

No. 865

APRIL 28, 1922

7 Cents

FAME ^{AND} FORTUNE

STORIES
OF
BOYS

WEEKLY.

WHO MAKE
MONEY.

A MILLION IN RUBIES

OR THE RICHEST FIND IN THE WORLD

AND OTHER STORIES

By A Self-Made Man



"This is the spot," said Jack. "A million in rubies is hidden here." As he raised his hammer to tap the rock the boys heard sounds behind them. Turning, they saw the rascally Singh Smahl and Ram Rusti on the river bank.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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NEW YORK, APRIL 28, 1922

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A MILLION IN RUBIES

OR, THE RICHEST FIND IN THE WORLD

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—Lost in a Thunder Storm.

"Great Scott! What was that?" cried Jack Chapman, stopping short in his tracks and listening intently. A wild, ghoulish yell, like the wail of a lost soul in torment, was borne to his ears on the wings of the wind that swept across his path. Apparently it came from no great distance away, and was particularly terrifying under the circumstances in which the boy was placed. The young American, who was returning to Madras, India, after a visit to a noted Hindoo idol house, some twenty miles from the coast, had accidentally become separated from his party, and was now blundering along over a trackless waste of country, that appeared to be of interminable extent.

His position would have been bad enough in the light of day, under a clear sky, but he was facing conditions that could not very well have been worse. Night had fallen some hours since, and the darkness was impenetrable. The usual luminous Indian sky, with its myriads of bright stars, was hidden behind a pall of clouds so dense as to be almost felt. The rain was beating fiercely down upon the landscape. The wind swept with considerable force across the water-soaked waste, causing the trees to bend and sway to and fro, and driving the rain before it. The lightning, red and terrible in its intensity, lighted up the scene at intervals, making it resemble the interior of a section of the infernal regions, while the thunder boomed like salvos of artillery in battle.

With each flash of lightning Jack looked for some place of shelter from the pitiless storm, such as a native hut, or something of that kind, but not the sign of one was to be seen. Nothing but swaying trees and rank vegetation could he make out anywhere.

The cry that startled the boy came, apparently, from a tree-covered hillock that lay off to his right. Although wild beasts and reptiles abounded in the vicinity, the cry he had heard was a distinctly human one. The animals and crawling things had been driven into their lairs by the storm, and Jack was not likely to meet with any of them unless he stumbled right upon their hiding place. Jack was a plucky lad and after his first start he began to wonder what had given rise to the yell of terror.

The sound was not repeated, though he stood several minutes waiting for a repetition of the cry. Then he went on, but was forced to turn

in the direction of the hillock to avoid floundering into a marsh that seemed to be of some extent. The next flash of lightning showed him that he was following a narrow path bordered on either side by swampy red-covered ooze. This led straight to the hillock, which proved to be much larger than it had looked from a distance. The rising ground forming it he could not see, but a dense mass of grass and trees were visible in the glare of the lightning. Jack pushed on till he reached the hillock. The path led right in among the trees, which were so dense that he could make out nothing ahead, even when the landscape was vividly lighted up by the electric flashes. He saw that the only thoroughfare through it was by the narrow path.

"I wonder where all this will lead me to?" he asked himself. "Talk about tough luck, I am certainly having more than my share of it to-day. I don't know how I came to lose my party. I only stopped a moment at a hut in the jungle to get a drink of water, and when I started on again the rest of the push were out of sight. I ought to have shouted right away, but I didn't, thinking I was on the right track, and I guess I must have been walking away from them instead of after them. At any rate, when I did shout I heard no response to my hail, and the result of it is I'm lost in the wilds of this miserable Indian country. If this storm hadn't come up and knocked my bearings endwise I might have managed to find my way to the high road leading to Madras. Now all I'm looking for is shelter till morning. The sun will enable me to strike out for the coast, and then I'll reach the town. Hello, here's a hut at last. Right in the midst of this clump of trees. I wonder if it's occupied? Whether it is or not, I'm going in."

The next flash of lightning showed him the door standing half open. That struck him as an indication that the hut was empty, for if anybody was there they would be sure to keep the door shut in such a storm. Jack marched in. It was a small hut of one room, about eighteen feet long by twelve feet wide, but it was plenty large enough to accommodate a Hindoo family. The boy pushed the door shut to keep out the rain and then cried out:

"Hello! Anybody here?"

He received no answer. No sound struck on his ear but the roaring of the wind, and the rustling of the treetops outside.

"Nothing doing, apparently," he muttered. "Glad of it. I can't talk the blame language of the country, so I couldn't make myself understood except by the universal language of signs, which doesn't amount to much in the darkness. If a native were here, and asked me what I wanted in his domicile, I couldn't make out what he was driving at, and so we might have a mix-up. That awful yell I heard seemed to come from this direction, but whoever uttered it does not appear to be in this——"

"Shack," he was going to say, but in place of that he exclaimed:

"Good heavens!"

A flash of lightning had dimly illuminated the interior of the hut for a moment and he saw, stretched out on the floor, in a fantastic attitude, a human being. Fantastic attitudes were not uncommon with the natives, but this person was not a native, but a man dressed in sailor garb, his face entirely concealed by a piece of cloth that went all around his neck. Jack stared into the darkness at the spot where he had seen the motionless object. The impression hit him at once that he was in the presence of a corpse.

"It must have been this chap's death-cry that I heard," he thought, not pleasantly impressed by the situation.

The sensation of being alone with a dead man is at all times discomfiting to most people. Jack had as much nerve as anybody, but he wasn't eager to associate with dead people, particularly under the conditions in which he found himself on this occasion.

"I wonder if he was taken with a fit and dropped dead?" thought the boy.

Some minutes passed before another flash lighted up the inside the hut. This second fleeting glimpse of the motionless figure left no doubt in the lad's mind that he had a corpse to deal with.

"Oh, well, he can't hure me if he's dead," muttered Jack, philosophically. "On the whole, a dead man is a safer proposition than some live ones. All the natives aren't the pink of perfection, by any means. Some of them might consider me worth robbing, and to prevent discovery, as well as to make the deed easy, they might knock me on the head with a club or something. Dead people never do anything like that. If my friend Sam were in my shoes at this moment, he'd leave the hut to his corpse and stand outside in the rain. I'm not going to do that, although I don't think I could get much wetter if I jumped into the sea. Nevertheless, it is more pleasant to be under cover, and here I stay till daylight, or longer, as it suits my purpose."

Then it occurred to Jack to get out his match safe and throw a better light on things than the lightning did. This he did, and the first match gave him a better view of the presumed corpse. He knelt beside the sailor and took hold of the cloth to remove it from his face. He met with considerable resistance. Wondering thereat, he lifted the man's head and then he saw the reason. The cloth was tightly twisted about the sailor's face and particularly about his throat. That the dead man had been strangled, and with considerable force, Jack made out on striking a second match.

The cloth was crossed behind the neck and

drawn very tightly. Jack had been long enough in India to understand that this was the method followed by the Thugs—a class of religious fanatics, in the special service of one of the dark divinities of the Hindoo creed. While it was true that the practice of Thuggee had been practically stamped out by the British, nevertheless occasional instances of it came to light, proving that its believers still clung to their ancient traditions.

The dark and cheerless night of superstition, which so long clouded the moral vision of India, gave rise to institutions and practices so horrible that, without convincing evidence, their existence would hardly be credited. The Order of Thugs was one of the outcroppings of this condition of heathenism, and it first came to the attention of Europeans about the beginning of the last century. Their assassinations, though carried on in secret, soon got the English authorities after them, and they were gradually put out of business as a body. Jack had heard scores of stories about their methods in the days when they were a power, and had been told that individual Thugs still plied their trade when they deemed it safe to do so.

Apparently this sailor was the victim of one, or perhaps two, for he was a muscular-looking chap, and a single native would hardly have been able to do him up. His pockets were turned inside out, the lining of his coat ripped open, his shirt pulled out of his trousers, and his shoes and stockings taken off. The object of the murder was evidently plunder, and whether they had got much or not Jack could not tell. The sailor's hat lay a yard or more away, and had been stamped upon until it was out of all shape. Jack picked it up and looked at the lining to see if the dead man's name was written on it, either on the outside or the inside—a practice he knew from experience many sailors followed. As he turned down the band, a piece of folded parchment dropped out. Jack unfolded it and found that the inside was covered with letters printed with a pen and strung together without any division except an occasional verticle line that seemed to have got there by accident. Although the English alphabet had been employed in its construction there seemed to be no meaning to the writing, which resembled several long lines of letters stretched from one side of the parchment to the other, and the letters looked as if they had been put down at haphazard, without any purpose at all. It struck Jack, however, that there was some object in the writing, for the parchment on which it was inscribed was not easily obtained, and writing on it was a whole lot more difficult of execution than an ordinary paper. He believed it was some kind of cryptogram devised, as cryptograms are intended, to conceal some information not meant for the general eye.

"I'll keep this for future reference," said Jack. "I might be able to decipher it."

He was about to put it in his pocket when the soaked state of his light garments told him that was no place for it if he wanted to preserve the writing. The parchment would, of course, resist moisture better than paper, but it would hardly be proof against the watery condition of his clothes.

The only thing he could do was to hold it in his hand, but as he wanted the use of his hands just then he pushed it into the end of a bundle of dried thatch, a material used in that country for covering the roofs of the common houses, and started to drag the corpse into a corner of the hut. While he was thus employed an unusually brilliant flash of lightning, followed instantaneously by a fearful clap of thunder that seemed to shake the very earth, caused him to pause for a moment. Ere the lightning died away, the door was pushed open and two muscular and turbanned natives appeared in the opening.

CHAPTER II.—The Two Hindoos.

The newcomers uttered an exclamation on beholding Jack Chapman with the dead sailor in his arms. The boy gave no sign, but he was certainly startled at the unexpected appearance of the two natives. The lightning died out and darkness shrouded the interior of the hut once more. Jack dropped the sailor and struck a match, for he did not want the villainous-looking visitors to spring upon him in the dark.

"Who are you?" he said, as the light brought them out into relief again, forgetting that he was addressing the Hindoos in a language that was probably unintelligible to them.

It happened that they were very well acquainted with English.

"Ha! English boy! What brings you here alone, sahib?" said one of them, looking sharply at Jack.

"I'm not English. I'm an American," returned the lad.

"American! Both much same. Where you come from?"

"Madras."

"Madras! Ten mile, maybe more, from here. What bring you out here?"

"Lost my way in the storm," said Jack, lighting another match.

"What you doing ten miles from Madras in this part of country?"

"I told you that I lost my way."

"Me understand that. Me want to know why you leave Madras and come out here?"

"I went with some friends to see the Temple of the Juggernaut, in Nysore village, some distance from the city. On the way back I lost my friends in the jungle and was trying to find my way back to the Madras when the storm came on. I ran across this hut, came in and found the dead sailor here. Look at that cloth. It's what a Thug uses to strangle his victim with."

"A Thug!" ejaculated the Hindoo with a start.

"Yes. You, a native of this country, ought to be thoroughly familiar with the murderous methods used by those scoundrels."

"The Thugs are not now to be found. The English have destroyed them," said the Hindoo.

"There are a few yet who work with great secrecy, I have been told."

"The young sahib has been told what is not true," said the native, with a flash of his snaky black eyes.

"I heard it from good authority. You ought to know it is true."

"I know it is not true," said the native fiercely. Jack judged it prudent not to continue the argument, so he said:

"All right. I will not dispute your word."

"What is the young sahib's name?"

"Jack Chapman."

"You have many friends, eh, in Madras?"

"Lots of them. I am the nephew of the American consul."

The boy's reply seemed to impress the two natives. They looked at each other, said something in their native tongue, and then both made a sort of salaam to Jack.

"What are your names?" said the lad, as the third match expired in his fingers, leaving them all in darkness again.

"My name is Singh Smahl. I am a merchant. My friend, his name is Ram Rusti. He is a dealer in pearls. We are going to Madras. We shall feel much honored by the company of the young sahib."

"I shall be glad to have you show me the way there. You were caught in the storm like myself."

"The young sahib is quite right. We knew of this hut and came here for shelter."

"The storm is passing away. I suppose you can find your way through the darkness."

"We can. But this sailor—you know him perhaps?"

There was a note of anxiety in the speaker's voice.

"No. I never saw the poor fellow before."

"The young sahib is quite sure of that?"

"Yes, I'm sure. He seems to be an American sailor, and I shall report the facts of the case at the consulate in the morning."

"You will not say he was killed by a Thug, for it is not true," said Singh Smahl.

"Probably not, if you are sure I am mistaken about it," said Jack cautiously, though he intended to do it just the same, for he had had evidence, which he considered conclusive, that the sailor had met his death at the hands of those villains.

Truth to tell, he was not easy in his mind concerning the identity of these two natives. He did not believe that Singh Smahl was a merchant, and he doubted much if his companion was a dealer in pearls. His sharp eyes had noticed that while the two men were dressed almost similar, the long cloth that most natives wore as an extra covering around their loins, was missing from Smahl, though his comrade sported his. Something more than a mere suspicion that these natives had been at the hut previous to his arrival, and that they knew how the sailor departed this life, hovered in his mind. It was quite possible that the cloth used to strangle the corpse belonged to Singh Smahl, and he had returned to get it. If his suspicions were correct, then these men were secretly Thugs, and it was not beyond the bounds of reason that they might serve him as they had served the sailor. It therefore behooved him to be on his guard while he was forced to remain in their company, though his statement that he was the nephew of the American consul at Madras might protect him, for he had not been unmindful of the change in the attitude of the two natives after he had told them who he was.

"The young sahib is much wet. Ram Rusti would feel honored if he would drink of the cordial he carries always with him."

"I am obliged to Ram Rusti, but I guess I won't drink anything now," replied Jack, who feared lest danger lurked in the said cordial.

The rain had stopped but the wind continued to howl through the treetops. The thunder and lightning was passing away to the northeast. The two natives opened the door and stepped outside where they stood talking together in a low tone in their own tongue. Jack took advantage of the chance to recover the piece of parchment from the bundle of thatch, roll it up in some of the dry stuff, and thrust it into his pocket. He also took the cloth from the sailor's head, rolled it up and placed it in his pocket to use as a piece of evidence against the Thug who had committed the murderous deed. The sailor's identity was still a mystery, for Jack had not found any name in his hat. In appearance he was a man of perhaps fifty years, with a rough, stubby beard, thick-set, and a small ship under full sail pricked in his skin in tattoo fashion, and rendered indelible with gunpowder.

Under the ship were two initials that probably stood for his name. Jack made a note of them. Rolling up his sleeves, he found an eagle tattooed on his right arm, in colors. Another shower of rain coming on drove the two natives back into the hut, and they saw Jack examining the eagle with the aid of a match light. The boy finally straightened the corpse out, placed a pebble on each eyelid, and tied his dropping jaw up with his handkerchief. He did all this in the dark, and while he was so employed he was aware that the two natives were poking around the hut, as if looking for something. Jack was willing to bet they were after the cloth. The boy wondered why they had not taken it away as soon as their victim was dead, for he had heard that the Thug never leaves it behind as evidence against him or of the nature of the crime.

It struck him that the natives had neglected this important particular while robbing the corpse, and that they had been frightened away by the sounds he made in approaching the hut. If they couldn't find it, they would understand that he had it, and then there might be something doing. He realized that they were too strong for him to cope against, and so, when he was done with the dead man, he watched his chance in the dark and glided noiselessly out of the half-open door.

It had stopped raining again, and the sky gave tokens of lighting up. The hut stood in the midst of a small clearing, and Jack went around to the back, but could find no opening in the trees that surrounded it—that is, no opening large enough for him to squeeze through. The hut was enclosed in a natural kind of stockade, the thin, wiry trees being scarcely more than six inches apart. Their regularity could scarcely have happened by accident. The man who built the hut probably planted the trees in such a manner that passage through them became impracticable after they grew up. Jack believed there were more than a dozen circles formed by the trees, and the only way one could reach and leave the hut was through the narrow tortuous path he had followed when he came there. He was

pretty well acquainted with the common habitations of the Hindoos, and had never met with anything on that plan before. He judged that the original occupant of the place had planted the stockade as a protection against the wild beasts that doubtless roamed that wild and lonesome region at night. And yet, if that was his reason, he had taken extraordinary care to protect himself, since one row of trees would have answered the purpose just as well. Indeed, with a stout door on the hut he would have been just as safe from the prowling denizens of the night.

While Jack was figuring this all out, he heard his name called out from the front of the hut. He recognized the voice of Singh Smahl. The boy didn't care to respond. He heard the natives talking volubly together, and presently their voices receded, and he knew they had gone forward through the path to the outside of the hillock. As he returned toward the front he stepped on something hard. He found it was a stout cudgel.

It was an excellent weapon at close quarters, and the boy was glad to get hold of it. Re-entering the hut and striking one of his last matches, he saw, standing in a corner, a bar of wood which looked as if it was intended as a brace for the door. Examining the sides of the doorway, he saw two sockets clearly put there to hold the bar of wood. Shutting the door, he put the bar in place, and then felt secure against any further invasion on the part of the two natives, if they came back. He forgot, however, that in barring them out he was making a prisoner of himself. He no longer felt a repugnant feeling toward the dead man.

Had there been a pallet of any kind, he would have laid down and gone to sleep. As it was, he began to feel drowsy as time passed, and sitting down in a corner a few feet from the corpse, he rested his back against the wall of dried mud and ere long dozed off to sleep.

CHAPTER III.—Jack Puts It Over the Two-Hindoos.

How long he slept, Jack had no idea, but he was awakened by a pounding on the door.

"Those two rascals have come back," he thought. "Well, let them pound. They are not going to get in here. If they want to stay out there till daylight they are welcome to do so. Then with my club in my hand I guess I'll be able to stand them off if they try to get gay with me. I've got their names, and I think it is likely the authorities will question them regarding the sailor's death."

"Sahib! Sahib! Open the door and let us in!" cried the voice of Singh Smahl.

Jack, however, was conveniently deaf at that moment, so they desisted. He got up and went to the door. Through a slight crack he heard them consulting outside.

"It's too bad I don't understand Hindoostanese or I might get on to what they are saying, and then I could figure on their intentions toward me."

Some more pounding followed, and this time Singh Smahl resorted to threats of what would happen to Jack if he did not open the door.

"They are dropping their friendly attitude now and showing their real colors," thought the boy. "I'm glad of that, for now I can deal with them without ceremony."

Threats having no effect, the natives flung themselves against the door in an effort to burst it in, but they might have saved themselves the trouble for the door was a strong one, and the bar held it as solid as a rock. They gave it up and Jack heard nothing from them for half an hour. Then he heard a scratching sound at the rear, that ran slowly up the side of the hut, and presently he heard a ripping sound at the edge of the roof.

"One of them has got up there, and he's cutting and tearing away the thatch so as to make a hole to enter by," thought Jack. "Well, let him. I'll give him the surprise of his life when he tries to get in," and the boy gripped his cudgel tighter in his hand.

The noise continued for a while, and Jack heard a shower of dry and wet thatch dropping into the hut.

"The young sahib had better open the door or he will keep company with the sailor," said Singh Smahl, ominously.

Jack made no reply to that, and presently the sounds were resumed. By this time the sky had cleared considerably and there was light enough outside for Jack to see the movements of Smahl's arm as it worked away. The interior of the hut was too dark for the Hindoo to make out the boy. But for the door being so tightly closed he would have believed that Jack was not there. He and Ram Rusti had searched the neighborhood pretty thoroughly in the short time they had been absent, which they were able to do owing to their familiarity with the country roundabout, and knowing the boy could only make his escape in certain contracted directions, because of the marshy ground, they were satisfied he was still somewhere on the hillock.

That was why they returned there, and when they found the door barred against them they knew he must be in the hut. The cause of their anxiety to get hold of him was two-fold. The disappearance of Singh Smahl's loin cloth convinced them that the boy had taken possession of it as evidence that the sailor had been killed by a Thug. Secondly, they had murdered the sailor to gain possession of the parchment that Jack found in the lining of his hat, and their hasty search before the boy's arrival, and their second search after Jack left the hut, failed to bring it to light. As they knew the sailor had had it, they now suspected that the boy had found it while handling the dead man, and had it in his possession. The information the parchment contained was of great value to them. They did not know, however, how clever the sailor had been in reducing the information to a peculiar cryptogram, the key to which he alone knew.

Had they found it, they would have been thoroughly baffled. They could not have read it to save their lives. And yet it was one of the simplest of cryptograms, though mystifying enough in its way. It could not possibly be read until its key was found, and then it became as simple a piece of work as rolling off a log. Believing that it was written in plain English, they figured

that if the boy had found it he had made himself familiar with it right away. His sudden disappearance from the hut, after saying he would be glad of their aid to show him the way to Madras, pretty well convinced them that he had found and read the parchment, and intended to make use of the information it contained.

That fact, in connection with the cloth, made them determined to get hold of him, and treat him as they had treated the sailor. Then they intended to sink both bodies in a hole in the marsh. Singh Smahl worked with vigor and made a hole large enough to drop through, while his companion kept watch on the door, ready to nab the boy if he started to escape that way. Pulling himself up, Smahl stuck his head through the hole to reconnoiter the interior before he got in. Jack was screwed into the opposite corner and the color of the wall agreed so well with his garments in the darkness that Singh Smahl could not distinguish him.

"Sahib, are you going to open the door?" he said.

He got no answer. He thought it was very strange that the lad kept so quiet, and he began to wonder if the boy was asleep and had failed to hear all of the racket. He would soon find out all about it, he grimly said to himself. He crawled higher, stuck his legs through the hole and let himself slowly down. His deliberation proved his undoing, for it gave Jack all the chance he wanted to get in the proper position to meet him while his back was turned. His feet had barely touched the floor when—biff! The cudgel caught him on the side of the head and he dropped over badly stunned. Jack then decided to get the other bird, too. He judged that Ram Rusti was looking to see the door opened by his companion, so he could step in. Jack softly took the piece of wood out of the socket and opened the door halfway. Ram Rusti was so eager to take a hand in the proceedings that he fell right into the trap. He glided into the hut and was met with a whack on the head that put him right to sleep. Jack took his loin cloth off, tore it into two strips and with the strips he bound the arms of the two natives to their sides. That rendered them helpless for further mischief. Looking out, the plucky boy saw that the sky was almost clear and the stars out in all their customary glory. Their glow lighted up the country far and near, and made objects at some distance visible.

"Singh Smahl said that Madras was not much over ten miles from here," thought Jack. "I'm sorry I didn't ask him to point out the direction. Never mind, I'll make a try for it right away. I am sure the high road is somewhere yonder. If I can strike it, the rest will be easy."

With his cudgel in his hand Jack left the hut and retraced his steps to the outer edge of the hillock. He walked around the solid ground that was like an island in the midst of that part of the marsh, seeking for an outlet other than the one by which he had come there. He found there were none, which made him wonder all the more at the precautions adopted by the builder of the hut. It was impossible for any wild animal to reach the hillock except by way of the path the boy had followed to get there himself. The only way to get out of his predicament was to re-

trace his steps till he could find another path that would take him across the marsh. Bewildered by the thunderstorm and the dense darkness, he had probably missed more than one path. Now that conditions were favorable, he hoped to be more successful. And he was. He hit a path that carried him along the edge of the marsh for a hundred yards or so when he struck a continuation of it that led through a thicket. Here he went cautiously lest he encounter some animal out in search of a supper. He met nothing of the kind, not even a stray hyena, and so he went on his way till he found himself in a cultivated district, with a hut here and there. He found divergent paths running in different directions, but nothing that could by any stretch of the imagination be twisted into a road.

He took a path at random and pressed onward, cheered by the reflection that it seemed to be running in the direction that he believed led to the coast. A deep silence reigned along his route. The howling wind had subsided to a faint breeze, too light to rustle the trees. It seemed marvellous that such a tremendous storm could have vanished utterly in a few hours and left not a trace behind. The air had grown warm again, and Jack's soaked garments were fairly dry. What time of night it was he hadn't the least idea. At last he came out on the road he had been aiming to reach. The way to Madras was straight before him, and he reckoned that all his troubles were over for that night. But that was where he was mistaken.

CHAPTER IV.—What Jack Encountered at the Hindoo Inn.

As he trudged along he came to a large wooden structure of two stories which he recognized as a roadside inn, the proprietor of which was a Hindoo who catered to tourists and other white foreigners. It had a good bar and enjoyed quite a reputation among Englishmen particularly who passed along the road, to and from Madras. It was nine miles from the city, and in the States would have been called a roadhouse.

Jack and his party had stopped there on their way to the Temple of the Juggernaut that morning, or rather the previous morning, for it was already some time after midnight, or to be more exact, it was on the stroke of three. The proprietor, whose name was Charak, had waited on them personally, serving them with drinks and other refreshments, and Jack thought he had never seen a more rascally-looking fellow. He mentioned his opinion to Captain Trewlawney, the head of the party, but that gentleman only laughed, and said that Jack mustn't always judge people by their looks.

"I know just where I am now," thought Jack, as he came abreast of the inn. "It will take me about two hours to reach the city. I guess I'll sit down on the veranda and rest myself for the last lap on my journey."

Jack stretched himself out on a stationary bench and proceeded to take things easy. He had not been in that position many minutes when

he was startled by the loud shriek of a female on the floor above.

"Great Scott! There's a woman in trouble!" he cried, springing on his feet.

A second and third scream smote upon the early morning air. Jack ran into the middle of the road and looked up. All he could see were several open windows, through one of which the screams continued to issue.

"I must see what this means," he said. "As the lower part of the house is closed, I'll shin up one of the supports and get into the house through a window."

He lost no time in mounting the nearest post. To enter the window before him was the work of a moment. The cries had ceased and silence reigned around him. This surprised him, for he reasoned that such cries as he had heard ought to have awakened every one in the house, and brought the proprietor and some of his people on the spot. As he stood undecided what to do, a door suddenly opened close at hand and a man, whom he recognized by his side face as Charak, the proprietor, came out, with a small native oil lamp in one hand, while the other grasped a man's traveling bag. He appeared to be in a great hurry, and he did not notice the presence of the boy, who stood back in the shadows of the corridor. He glided down the corridor, like the villain in an old-time melodrama, opened a door and vanished.

"Now I wonder what that means?" Jack asked himself. "What is the proprietor of this house doing up and dressed at this hour? It strikes me he's been up to some kind of mischief. I must investigate."

Jack opened the door through which Charak had made his exit and poked his head in. The room was not exactly dark, for the open window admitted the light of the stars, but still most of the apartment was in shadow. A door opposite, communicating with the room, stood wide open and the boy was crossing toward it when he saw a female form in white stretched on the floor near a bed couch, and another figure in pajamas lying on the bed and partly on the floor.

"There's been a crime committed here, and that rascally proprietor is at the bottom of it," thought Jack.

He fumbled in his pocket for his match-safe and found a solitary lucifer in it, which he lighted. By the flame of the match he saw a pretty girl of perhaps fifteen, in a night robe, unconscious on the floor, and an elderly man, with a stab wound in the breast, partly on the bed. At first sight he appeared to be dead. Jack lighted a lamp that stood on the table with the match before it went out. He then raised the girl and laid her on the bed, after which he turned his attention to the man, who was a gentleman and apparently a traveler. Jack jumped at the conclusion that the girl was his daughter. He tore open the man's upper garment and saw that he was bleeding steadily from his wound, which was near the shoulder. Jack possessed no knowledge of surgery, but he had an idea that the wound was not in a place to cause immediate death. He soon ascertained that the gentleman's heart was beating, which showed that he was still alive.

He picked up a towel and bound it tightly

across the man's chest, after wetting the part that went over the wound. This first aid to the injured was hardly very effective, but it was better than nothing, and Jack hoped it would arrest the flow of blood somewhat. On an odd kind of dressing case lay a small flat bottle labeled cognac. Jack uncorked it and poured some of the contents down the gentleman's throat. It produced the desired effect—bringing the man to consciousness. He stared up into the boy's face.

"How did this happen, sir?" Jack asked.

The gentleman answered with some difficulty.

"The villain—came—to rob me. I awoke—and caught—him—in the act of—taking—my bag. I seized him—by the arm. He turned—and stabbed—me. That is—all—I remember," he said slowly.

"The young lady is your daughter?" said Jack.

"Yes. She is—asleep—in the next room. Call her, for—I feel faint. I fear—I'm going—to die."

"I hope not, sir. Take another drink of this brandy."

The boy held the bottle to his lips and he swallowed a little of the contents.

"What is your name?" Jack asked.

"Edward Dawson."

"You are English?"

"No—American."

"You were going to Madras?"

"Yes."

"You could identify the man who stabbed and robbed you?"

"I can—It was the proprietor."

"I thought so. I saw him come out of this room a few minutes ago."

"You are an English boy?"

"No; American like yourself. My uncle is resident consul at Madras. My name is Jack Chapman."

"And you—were stopping here and heard——"

"No. I was passing the house and heard a scream——"

"A scream!"

"Yes. It was your daughter."

"My daughter!"

"Yes. I found her senseless here on the floor almost beside you. She is now lying on the bed where I put her."

"My poor child! She must have been—awakened by the noise. She found me stabbed and, thinking—me dead, screamed and—fainted. I feel faint again. More of that brandy. It braces me up. I fear—I shall die—without the services—of a doctor, and Madras—is a long distance away."

"I have bound up your wound as well as I could. I do not think it is mortal, or you would not be able to converse so well with me. You have bled considerable outwardly, which is better than bleeding internally, I have been told. It is quite natural you should be faint and weak under the circumstances, even if your wound is not a dangerous one. You had better lie on the bed beside your daughter."

At that moment the girl moved and showed other signs of coming to. Jack got some water and sprinkled it plentifully on her face. She sprang half up with a cry.

"Oh!" she ejaculated, on seeing the boy bend-

ing over her. "Do not kill me—have mercy!" she cried, in a terrified tone.

"Calm yourself, Miss Dawson; you are in no danger," said Jack soothingly.

"Ah! Who are you? My poor father! He has been murdered!" she cried hysterically.

"Your father is not dead. He may be badly wounded, but I guess there is hope for him. I have been talking to him."

"Where, oh, where is he?" she cried anxiously.

"Sitting on the floor with his head against the bed. Help me place him on the bed, and he will be more comfortable."

Miss Dawson got off the bed and helped Jack raise her father onto it.

"Dear, dear father, are you badly hurt?" she asked eagerly to him.

"I don't know, my dear. Maybe not; but I feel very weak. This young man has done what he could for me. I think the bleeding has stopped. The wound is here."

"I don't think you are dangerously hurt, sir. Your lung was not pierced or you would be spitting blood, and your heart is well below the cut. Looks to me as if the knife cut into the muscles of your chest between two upper ribs. A surgeon would fix you up all right. Take another sip of the brandy," said Jack.

The gentleman did not answer, but closed his eyes and remained quiet. The girl wet a towel and bathed her father's face with it, while she gazed at him tenderly and tearfully. Jack went to the door, and, opening it to look out, found himself face to face with the crouching and listening form of Charak, the innkeeper.

The rascal started back. "What are you doing here?" he hissed.

"What have you been doing to those people in the house?" asked Jack. "You are a murderer."

Charak put his fingers in his mouth and gave a shrill whistle. Several Hindoo servants came rushing on the scene. Jack saw they were too much for him. He rushed past the innkeeper and sprang out into the middle of the road. He made a bluff of running away; but seeing a short ladder leaning against an outhouse he mounted to the roof and pulled the ladder up after him. At that juncture down the road came a detachment of British dragoons, bound for Madras. The Hindoos disappeared like magic. Jack sprang to the ground and rushed into the road.

"What's the trouble, young man?" asked the officer.

Jack exclaimed everything to the officer. Luckily there happened to be a surgeon with the dragoons, and he went with Jack to the room where Mr. Dawson lay and examined the wound. He pronounced the wound a serious one, but not necessarily fatal. In the meantime several dragoons were sent on a search of the innkeeper, but he was not to be found. Several servants were found, but they declared they knew nothing about the affair. So the major detailed a guard to remain at the inn, while he and the rest proceeded to Madras, taking Jack with him. When he reached Madras Jack proceeded to his uncle's house. Jack made a complete change of clothing and lay down to get some rest and was soon sound asleep. The next morning Jack detailed to his uncle the experience he had passed through, and

he was declared a regular hero by Daisy, who was at the breakfast table when Jack told his story. At this time Mr. Chapman was summoned to attend a visitor in his office. Soon a horse galloped up to the door and a boy of Jack's age dismounted and ran upstairs. This was Jack's friend Joe Scudder.

CHAPTER V.—The Cryptogram.

"Hello, Joe," said Jack, "I'm back, all right."

"I see you are, and we've just got back after finding out from a trooper at the inn that you had been there, got into some trouble with the proprietor, who has disappeared with his male servants, and then started for home. How in thunder did you get lost in the jungle? We did not miss you till we found your horse coming after us without you. A halt was called, and we waited for a while for you to show up on foot, for we supposed you had fallen off your horse in some way—brushed off by the extended bow of a tree. As we didn't meet with a single wild animal going and coming, we did not think you had encountered one. We would have heard you cry out if you had. When you failed to show up, we started back to look for you, spreading out and shouting, so that if you were anywhere within a quarter of a mile you must have heard us.

"We went all the way back to the jungle village. There we stopped and sent a dozen natives out hunting for you. We stayed there all through the storm, during which the natives came in one by one and reported no signs of you. Captain Trelawney was much worried over you, and he said you had to be found before we returned to the city. After the storm we all started out again with the natives. Doctor Maxwell finally started ahead for the inn to see if by any chance you had extricated yourself and gone there. He found you had, and hurried back to let us know. That was mighty good news to us. The natives were dismissed and we all rode to the inn, which we found in possession of the troopers, on account of the stabbing of an American gentleman named Dawson, who had taken rooms there with his daughter for the night, and had been attacked and robbed by the landlord. We learned that you came on the scene about the time of the crime, had done what you could for Mr. Dawson, and had got into trouble with the people of the inn afterward. You stopped the troopers as they were passing the house, told the story of the trouble, which caused the placing of the guard, and then accompanied the detachment to the city," rattled off Joe. "Now give an account of yourself."

"Well, come in and see Daisy and pay your respects to her and my aunt, after which we will adjourn to my room and I'll tell you my story, which is going to interest you or I'm much mistaken," said Jack.

Joe was glad to run into the breakfast room and see Jack's cousin, for he was rather sweet on the young lady, a sentiment returned by Miss Daisy herself, for Joe was one of the few Americans she knew in Madras, and she preferred her countrymen to Englishmen, though she was not at all backward in flirting most outrageously with the young Britons she met in society. Ten

minutes later Jack and Joe were closeted together in the former's room.

"Heave ahead, old man. I'd like to hear what sort of time you had trying to get out of the jungle. It's as bad as a Western corral," said Joe.

"Oh, there isn't much to tell about that," said Jack. "It took me three or four hours of blundering before I came out into the open country."

"And you didn't meet with a single wild beast?"

"Not the suspicion of one, I'm thankful to say."

"Tigers are known to have their lairs in it. Only last week a Hindoo young one was taken right out of the village in broad daylight by a tiger, carried into the jungle and that was the last of it."

"Yes, I heard the story. My real troubles did not seem to begin until after I got out of the jungle and got caught in the thunderstorm."

"Where were you when that came on?"

"In a wild kind of a waste with not a house in sight."

"A cheerful position under the circumstances."

"I should say. You people saw how lowering the sky looked, you heard the thunder and saw the lightning, and you know how it poured down. I was out in all that."

"Gee!" ejaculated Joe.

"Apparently I was all alone there, with my further progress stopped by a marsh, when suddenly I heard——"

"What did you hear?" said Joe, as Jack paused to give effect to his story.

"A wild, unearthly yell," said Jack solemnly.

"Some wild beast," said Joe.

"Not at all. It was the last cry of an American sailor."

"What's that? How did you know it was?"

Jack went on with his story, bringing it up to the time he entered the hut.

"At that moment there came a flash of lightning, and what do you suppose I saw on the floor?" he said impressively.

"I don't know," said Joe.

"A corpse!"

"Holy mackerel! You don't mean it?"

Jack proceeded till he came to the unexpected appearance of the two Hindoos. He described their coming with dramatic intensity.

"Great Scott! Wasn't you scared?" said Joe.

"The hero of a story is never scared of anything," grinned Jack, who then continued his narrative up to the point where he was awakened in the hut by the return of the Hindoos.

"You didn't let them in, did you?" said Joe.

"I should say not."

"What did they do?"

Jack told him what Singh Smahl did, and how he knocked both the rascals out.

"You're a corker," said Joe admiringly.

"Sure I am," said Jack, proceeding to explain how he left the hut and went on his way till he reached the inn.

Then he told all that happened there.

"Gosh! Your picture ought to be inserted, with your story, in the town newspapers, then the people hereabouts will learn what a real American can do when he's up against things generally. I wonder where that innkeeper skipped off to?"

"Search me, but the police will get him, I guess."

"They'll get the two Hindoo Thugs when they go to the hut."

"They're bound to, and they'll fetch them to town with the sailor's body. My uncle will see that the poor fellow is buried, all right, and he will try and find out his identity. Probably he belonged to one of the ships in this port."

"What about that piece of parchment you got out of his hat?"

"I forgot to take it out of the trousers I wore on the trip. I'll get it and we'll see what we can make out of it."

Jack picked up the pants he had discarded on returning home and pulled the bunch of dry thatch out of the pocket. From the middle of this he extracted the piece of parchment. Unfolding it, he let Joe look at the collection of letters printed on it with some care. This was what both saw:

Lqugn, sqku, dc, sdqhi, vYviuuc, bYauh, hdjix,
dv
Bqtgqh, ixguu, bYauh, tju, uqhi, vgdb, gqceddg,
kYaaqwu
Adl, iYtu, hxdlh, ixgum, sgdhhuh, dc, gds&, qi,
ucigyesu, hdjix
Yc, sgukYsu, ruxYct, gds&, Yh, xYttuc, q, bYaa
Ydc, Yc, gjrYuh

"I don't see any sense in that writing," said Joe. "It isn't Hindoo."

"Neither do I," admitted Jack, "but it means something, just the same."

"How do you know?"

"Because the letters have been printed on a piece of parchment, which is a lot more durable than ordinary paper, and because no man, particularly a sailor, would take the trouble to print a lot of apparently meaningless letters on such a thing unless he had some definite purpose in view."

"There's something in that," nodded Joe. "But the blamed thing is worse than Greek. There doesn't seem to be any head or tail to it."

"That's the way with cryptograms."

"Do you call this a cryptogram?"

"That's my idea of it."

"I never saw one before," regarding the five lines curiously.

"Oh, this is only one kind of a cryptogram. There are more kinds of cryptograms than you have fingers and toes."

"Are there?"

"Sure. Cryptography is the art of writing in secret characters of cipher, so that any kind of secret writing may be called a cryptogram. I took a great interest in it once, and spent a whole lot of time, that might have been better employed, I guess, in studying out the meaning of various secret writings, and I have even invented several cryptograms of my own."

"Is that so? I'd like to know how to do it."

"I'll show you some time, when you can get up a scheme of your own, explain it to Daisy, and you two can write letters to each other that nobody but yourselves can understand."

"That would be fine. It would be great fun for us."

"It would be a lot of trouble to you both,

though, and would really be time wasted unless there was, now reason for it—such as my uncle objecting to you holding any communication with Daisy."

"Why should he object? We are just good friends," said Joe, flushing.

"I merely made the statement as an illustration. Perhaps I can make my meaning clearer by stating that my uncle sometimes gets cipher messages from the Consular Department at Washington, and he sends similar messages in the same code. These messages go by cable, and it is not desirable that their purport be known to the operators, or other outsiders, en route. These messages are practically long cryptograms. Get me?"

"Sure I do."

"I will give you an idea of one or two cryptograms I came across while studying the subject, and then maybe you'll see the nature of cryptography. You've heard of Lord Bacon, of course?"

"You mean the chap who has been accused of writing Shakespeare's plays?" grinned Joe.

"Never mind about that. He couldn't have been accused of anything better in its line. He lived during the latter half of the sixteenth century. Well, he devised a cipher which consisted in an alphabet formed by different arrangements of the letters A and B in groups of five. A certain noted Irish secret organization used a cipher formed by taking in each case the letter previous to the one intended. I made up a dandy one which was formed by——"

Here the door opened and a Hindoo servant appeared.

"Sahib," he said, addressing Jack respectfully, "an officer of the police is in the office downstairs. He wishes to see you."

"All right," said Jack. "To be continued in our next," he added to Joe, as he folded up the piece of parchment.

Unlocking his trunk, he put the supposed cryptogram into a small box for safekeeping, and told Joe he could go and talk with Daisy until he came back.

CHAPTER VI.—By the Skin of His Teeth.

Jack, when he entered the consular office below, found that the policeman had come to escort him to the stationhouse, where the chief was waiting to see him. He learned that two batches of officers had been sent out—one to find the proprietor of the inn and take him in custody, the other to visit the hut on the edge of the marsh, and bring the two Hindoos and the corpse to the city. Neither expedition was expected to return before the afternoon. The chief, who had only heard the particulars at second-hand, wanted to hear the full story from Jack. The boy ran upstairs and told Joe where he was going.

"When will you get back?" asked Joe.

"Maybe not for an hour, probably longer, for I think I ought to run out to Captain Trelawney's house and tell him my story. He'd think it rather shabby of me if I didn't. In the meantime you can amuse yourself in Daisy's society until you two get tired of one another's company. If I don't get back before you leave, you can

come over some time in the afternoon. I'll probably be around."

"I'd like to see if you can decipher that cryptogram, if it really is one, for I'm dead curious to find out what it is all about."

"The cryptogram will have to keep till I find time to get down to business with it. I must find the key of it first before I can do anything with it. A cryptogram is like a lock—it can't be opened up without a key."

Jack turned downstairs and went off with the policeman. He was closeted with the chief for half an hour, and then he was allowed to go, after having been told that he would be sent for as soon as the inn proprietor, or the alleged Hindoo Thugs were brought in by the officers sent after them. Jack then made a beeline for Captain Trelawney's house—a villa on the suburbs. The captain was a person of some importance in Madras, as he was a wealthy Englishman who held an official sinecure under government. He had an office where the work was attended to by young English clerks, who worked about six hours a day on a moderate stipend, and spent it amusing themselves after the prevailing British plan. The captain didn't hurt himself with the amount of work he did. He had been brought up at home with the proper contempt for labor, and had only condescended to take the position in Madras because it was official, and therefore did not come under the head of work. He felt it incumbent on him to visit his office once a day to receive the report of the gentleman whose business it was to see that the clerks did their duty, but he seldom remained there any longer than he could help. When not at home he could generally be found at the British Club, and when not at either place it was safe to say he was out of town visiting some official friend.

He was generally regarded as a good fellow, and that was Jack's opinion of him. The visit to the Temple of the Juggernaut had been undertaken by him in the interest of a visitor from Old England who was stopping with him for a few days, and he had invited Jack, to whom he had taken something of a fancy, to go along, and permitted the young American to invite his friend Joe Scudder. As Jack had merely come to Madras to visit his uncle and family during his mid-year vacation, and had nothing more strenuous to do than to enjoy himself, and as the said uncle was in official life, Captain Trelawney considered the young American a proper person to be received by him on friendly terms.

When Jack reached the Trelawney villa, which he did through the agency of a native vehicle, for he never would have done for him to have walked there, he found that the captain and his visitor had gone to their rooms to recover from the effect of being up all night. Mrs. Trelawney, who welcomed Jack with a delightful cordiality, told him that her husband would soon be in evidence, and that a light afternoon lunch, prevalent in India, was about to be served, and, of course, the young American visitor was expected to share in the repast. Jack was detailing his adventures to the interested lady when the captain made his appearance.

"How are you, my lad?" said the captain, who was in good spirits. "You gave us quite an anx-

ious spell of it, don't you know? How came you to give us the slip?"

Jack explained.

"Upon me word, you blundered badly that time, but as long as you've turned up all right we won't say anything more about it. From what we learned at the inn, you reached there in time to be of great assistance to one of your countrymen. On the whole, I should judge it was lucky that you got lost."

"I had quite a time of it out in the thunderstorm," said Jack.

"Were you out in all that? Why, you must have been soaked through."

"I was; and I met with a peculiar adventure in connection with it."

"He was telling me about it when you came into the room," said Mrs. Trelawney. "It was a kind of creepy experience."

"Indeed. Go on, and let us hear how you came out."

The appearance of the guest of the house, and the announcement that the meal was on the table, temporarily interrupted the continuation of Jack's narrative, but he told it during the lull, and the captain declared that he was a lad of courage and resource under difficulties.

"You should have been an Englishman," he said.

Jack, however, was perfectly satisfied to have been born under the Stars and Stripes. In a little while he took his departure and returned home. His uncle informed him that the dead sailor had arrived, but the police reported their failure to find Singh Smahl and Ram Rusti at the hut. They had managed to free themselves and depart from the vicinity. Jack was sorry they had made their escape, but as he doubted his ability to prove their complicity in the sailor's death, he did not worry much over the disappearance of the rascally Hindoos.

Had he been more acquainted with the natures of the two men, he would not have felt quite so indifferent at the thought of them being at large. Joe didn't call around until after dinner, and then it was dark. Jack was looking out of the window, with Daisy, at a bunch of Mohammedans who were letting off firecrackers in honor of some festival which was just beginning. Several tom-toms were being beaten in the near distance, and the streets were filled with people. Not far away, in the open street, was a circle of bystanders all beating time, while in their midst four little girls were dancing, wearing a sarong, a kind of petticoat, but not otherwise embarrassed by apparel.

"Let's go out, old man, and see the sights," said Joe.

"I'm on. I might as well see all I can while I'm here, for I don't suppose I shall come here again in a hurry, if ever," said Jack.

So the boys went out together, Daisy wishing she were a boy so she might go with them.

"We'll go to the native part of the town and see what's going on there," suggested Joe.

"I'm game to go anywhere you do."

They found plenty of life as they went along. In the native town, on a tan kin front of a temple, a raft was moving slowly. Under a gorgeous canopy stood a golden idol, covered with garlands and jewels. A dense crowd, fragrant

with jasmine and sandalwood, stood about the sacred pool and on the steps, bowing reverently as the image floated past.

"These people seem to think that the moon and stars rise and set in that senseless divinity they are kowtowing to," said Jack.

"They surely do. That's the way they've been brought up," said Joe.

"Seems to me there is a field of usefulness here for one or two of the missionaries that are sent out here to this country."

"Take it from me, the missionaries that are on the ground have their hands full. Have you any idea how many million natives there are in India?"

"Can the statistics and let's move on," said Jack.

The streets were hung with gaudy flags and colored paper. Awnings had been erected, four poles supporting an awning with flounces of bright-colored silk, and under them a quantity of idols—Vishnus and Kalis—and vases filled with roses. Near the temple, where the golden god, having left the tank, was receiving the flowers and scents offered by his votaries, there was a howling crowd of Hindoos, all crushing and pushing, but going nowhere.

And louder yet the noise of the tom-toms, which the musicians raised to the desired pitch by warming them in front of big fires, throwing off clouds of acrid smoke. The boys were caught in the fringe of this turmoil, and as they were trying to extricate themselves, two men, disguised in fantastic attire, bore down on them. But for the fact that Jack always kept his eyes and wits about him, he never would have seen another sunrise. Both men had thin knives concealed in their flowing sleeves. Jack noticed they were closing in on him, and this aroused his suspicion as to their intentions. He suddenly pulled a young Hindoo between him and the pair just as they got within reach of him. A terrible yell came from the young Hindoo's lips as two glittering knives pierced his back. A scene of confusion ensued, in the midst of which Jack reached out and tore the fleecy covering from one of the men's faces. The man stood revealed for a moment as Singh Smahl, then he and his companion pushed their way through the crowd and were gone.

CHAPTER VII.—Another Narrow Escape.

Joe Scudder was staggered by the murder of the young Hindoo so close to him. Had he known that it was his companion's life which had been menaced by the murderers, he would have been considerably more upset. He learned the truth just as soon as Jack could pull him clear of the mob and tell him the facts.

"Great Scott! do you mean that those men intended to do you up instead of the chap they put their knives into?" he said.

"I am sure of it," replied Jack. "They're the chaps I encountered at the hut, and they've got it in for me. We had better get away from this locality as soon as we can. I'm going to the police headquarters to notify them that those scoundrels are in town in disguise and tried to kill me."

They kept away from the crowds after that and lost no time in reaching the headquarters of the police, where Jack told his story. Officers were sent out at once to look for the rascals. It was close to eleven when Jack parted from Joe and let himself into the consulate building. He was tired and tumbled into bed as soon as he could get there. His room opened on a rear prospect of yards, in some of which merchandise was stored. He left his window wide open for air, and he didn't get half enough at that. Jack's sleep, though deep from weariness, was troubled by dreams of the nightmare order. The central figures in these phantoms of the brain were always Singh Smahl and Sam Rusti, wearing a horrible murderous look. Finally Jack woke up, bathed in perspiration.

"Heavens, I'm glad I was only dreaming," he said to himself. "What a fierce nightmare I've had, and about those rascals. I suppose it was on account of the narrow escape I got from them over in the native town. I'll have to be careful of myself after this, for unless the police catch them they are going to get square with me for the laying out I gave them at the hut. There is no doubt in my mind that they have the instinct of Thugs even if the order itself has gone out of existence. Still I've understood that Thugs always had an aversion to spilling blood, that's why they adopted the plan of strangling their victims. These two chaps, however, don't mind using their knives to accomplish their purpose."

At that moment Jack heard a scratching noise outside his window which put him in mind of the scratching sound he had heard on the side of the hut when Singh Smahl mounted to the roof. The sound was so distinct that the boy sprang out of bed, and, going to the window, looked out. He gave a gasp when he saw, outlined in the moonshine, the figures of the two scoundrelly Hindoos, one of them, whom he judged to be Singh Smahl, being boosted up from below by the other. In a moment Jack decided what to do. He had brought his cudgel with him from the hut, and it stood in a corner. He also had a revolver handy.

He got both and prepared for the coming of his enemies. To deceive the rascal who was climbing up when he looked into the room, Jack took both of his pillows and fixed them under the clothes to roughly resemble a sleeper, and he took a small, shaggy stuffed animal that stood as an ornament on a shelf and placed it half under the bedclothes so that it would look like the top of his head. Retreating to one corner, he looked at the bed, which was partially exposed to the moonlight, and was satisfied that the illusion was very good and likely to deceive the scoundrel. Then he crouched beside his small table in the shadow of the covering and waited for the Hindoo to appear. Jack did not long to wait. A shadow was presently cast on the floor and further wall of the room. He remained stationary for a few moments. The rascal was evidently reconnoitering the victim. Apparently satisfied that his victim was asleep, though it should have struck him as strange that any one in that hot climate would sleep with his head under the clothes, he proceeded to get in with the lightness and agility of a cat. From under his girdle he drew a glitter-

ing knife, which reflected the sheen of the moonlight, and advanced noiselessly toward the bed.

Even then he did not notice the deception. Suddenly he swooped upon the dummy, pushing his left hand down on the supposed head and then making three lightning stabs through the clothes. Then he saw that something was not natural, for the presumed victim made not the slightest struggle or spasmodic movement that a human being would have done under the circumstances. With a muttered exclamation, he pulled the clothes aside and discovered the cheat. But that was his last action, for Jack rushed upon him and brought his cudgel down on his head with stunning force, and Singh Smahl fell face down on the bed and never moved.

"That settles your hash, I guess," said Jack grimly. "If I've killed you, I don't care, for you deserve death, you scoundrel."

Dropping the club, he glided to the window, revolver in hand, and looked out. Ram Rusti was waiting below for his companion to return.

"Throw up your hands, you rascal!" cried Jack, pointing his revolver at him.

The Hindoo was taken by surprise, but he did not comprehend the order to throw up his hands, although he understood the words. Recognizing the boy, he took it for granted that he was about to be shot, and was proportionately alarmed.

"Mercy, sahib, mercy!" he cried.

"What mercy did you and Singh Smahl offer to me last night? None. I accidentally outwitted you. Now you have come here to try and make up for your error. It happens I was ready for you. I've got Singh Smahl and I've got you, too."

"Don't shoot, sahib. I swear by Kali I will do you no further injury if you let me go my way," said Ram Rusti.

"I intend to hand you over to the police and let them deal with you."

But even as he spoke the difficulty of doing so occurred to Jack. The rascal was several yards out of his reach, and only held where he was by the revolver. There was no one stirring in the neighborhood except themselves. How was he going to capture the Hindoo? There was no way unless he shot him or remained at the window the rest of the night keeping watch over it. Both of these plans were objectionable to the boy. At that juncture Jack heard a sound behind him. He turned quick as a flash, thinking that Singh Smahl had come to his senses and was about to attack him. The rascal lay in the position in which he fell, and Jack saw that the sound had been made by the knife slipping off the bed.

He turned his attention again to Ram Rusti, but, to his discomfiture, he found that the rascal had taken quick advantage of his chance and had noiselessly disappeared. In what way he had made his escape the boy could not say, but he must have availed himself of some near-by outlet to the street. At any rate, he was gone, and there was no use of crying over spilled milk. Jack returned to Singh Smahl, divested him of his outer loin cloth, and bound his arms tightly behind his back, after which he dragged him out into the dining room and left him there. He did not believe that Ram Rusti would return later, but he deemed it wise to provide against any chances. He pulled the lower sash of his window

down, and fixed it with a piece of wood which held the upper sash halfway down. Then he turned in, and, in spite of what he had passed through, he was soon asleep, and was troubled with no more bad dreams.

He woke up about eight o'clock, and, getting into his clothes, visited the dining room, where he found the male Hindoo cook of the household talking to Singh Smahl, who was trying to induce the man to release him. The cook, however, judged that he had no right to interfere in the matter, for he did not know but that his master might have caught the prisoner in the house trying to rob the place, and had fixed him ready for the police to take charge of in the morning. The appearance of Jack broke up the confab, and the cook retreated to his quarters, leaving the prisoner in the boy's hands.

"Well, Singh Smahl, what have you to say for yourself?" Jack asked him.

"Sahib, what is the meaning of this? Why am I a prisoner?" asked Smahl, looking virtuously indignant.

"You've a great nerve to ask that," replied Jack.

The Hindoo did not understand the Americanism of the boy's speech, but he comprehended a part of the meaning of the words.

"How did I get in this place?" he asked. "I must have taken too much wine during the festival, and did not know what I was doing."

"You tell that pretty well, you rascal, but you can't work any game like that off on me. The police are hunting for you and your friend Ram Rusti for the murder of the young Hindoo in his native town, and now that you are captured you are likely to get all that's coming to you," said Jack.

"Sahib, you talk in riddles. Did I not tell you I am a merchant and that Ram Rusti is a dealer in pearls? To accuse us of a murder is most ridiculous."

"All right. I'll let the police settle all that with you. I dare say they can find enough witnesses of the crime to fix the murder on you and your friend."

"Ah, sahib, you are doing us a great injustice," said Singh Smahl, looking as virtuous as a devout missionary.

"Why, you infernal scoundrel, you came here in the night to murder me."

"Impossible! Why do you say that?"

"Because I caught you in the act."

"Alas! Your words are an enigma to me. I must have been very drunk."

"Yes, I guess you were," responded the boy dryly.

"Why should I come here to murder you when we are good friends?"

"As good friends as the hawk and the dove. If you are trying to excuse your conduct on the ground of drunkenness, I'll tell you right here that it isn't going to work. You weren't drunk when you crept into my room through the window, sneaked over to the bed and stabbed the bed clothes several times, thinking you were doing me up. I was watching you, and I took a whole lot of pleasure in handing you a clip on the bean which put you in the fix you are."

Just then Consul Chapman came into the room and was amazed at what he saw.

Jack quickly explained the situation to him, and told him this was the chief Thug he had encountered at the hut, whom he believed was largely responsible for the sailor's death. He took his uncle in his room and showed him the three stab marks in the bedclothes, and exhibited Singh Smahl's knife. That was enough for Mr. Chapman, who called a servant and sent him to the headquarters of the police forthwith with a note. Inside of twenty minutes Singh Smahl was taken away by two officers.

CHAPTER VIII.—A Million in Rubies.

About noon Jack was summoned to attend at court, and as Joe was with him at the time, they both went together. A British magistrate was on the bench, and Jack related his adventure at the hut, intimating, without actually making the accusation, that Singh Smahl and his companion, Ram Rusti, who, by the way, was still at large, knew something about the manner in which the sailor came to his death. Then he told about the visit he and Joe had made to the native town the evening before and positively identified Singh Smahl as one of the two assassins of the young Hindoo, explaining that the scoundrels really intended to kill him.

He wound up his testimony with what happened at the consulate during the night which culminated in the capture of Singh Smahl, and the near capture of Ram Rusti. Joe corroborated that part of Jack's testimony relating to the murder of the young Hindoo, and also fully identified Singh Smahl as one of the murderers. The Hindoo was returned to jail to await the disposition of his case. The authorities intended to get hold of Ram Rusti and make an example of both of the rascals. When the boys got back to the consulate Jack found a note there awaiting him. It was from Mr. Dawson, who was now at the hotel in town with his daughter, and he invited Jack to call on him as soon as he conveniently could.

Jack could conveniently call at any time, particularly when there was a pretty girl in the case. His recollection of Miss Dawson embraced a golden-haired fairy in a night robe, a bit white in the face from fright and anxiety, and though naturally at a great disadvantage under the circumstances, still had all the earmarks of what Jack called a hummer. He was very anxious to meet her again under more suitable conditions, and so he welcomed the letter, and telling Joe he had business to attend to, he started at once for the hotel. Jack never walked abroad, but his first impression of the place always recurred to him—that of a large collection of buildings which some gigantic force had swept to that locality and scattered at haphazard over the plain, with great barren places left between the houses.

In the native and Moslem quarters, it was true, there was a bunch of buildings, closely packed together within a limited area; but this was the exception to the rule. The hotel where Mr. Dawson and his daughter were stopping was lost in a waste of open land beyond the seething native town. Jack encountered a swarm of coolie servants, their wives and their children, who placed

all day under the trees. A ceaseless hubbub of laughter and crying came from this litter of kids. Jack found his way to the office, which looked very unlike the office of any hotel he had ever seen before, and securing the ear of a Hindoo clerk, succeeded in having his presence there announced to Mr. Dawson.

A very fat coolie came forward and escorted him to the American gentleman's apartments on the second floor, showing him in with a salaam, following after him and then posting himself at the door like an unwieldy statue with its arms folded. Mr. Dawson was seated in a comfortable chair beside a window, and his daughter came forward with a smile to welcome Jack. She was attired in a simple gown of white material, with a pink sash about her waist and a rose in her golden hair. Jack thought she looked uncommonly attractive.

"It was kind of you to come so soon, Mr. Chapman," she said.

"Not at all. It was my duty to present myself, as soon as I learned you and your father were in town, to ask how he is getting on."

"I am doing very nicely," said the gentleman, extending his hand cordially to the boy. "I feel under great obligations to you for what you did for me at the inn directly after I was stabbed by that rascal. Had you not bound up my wound in the way you did, however crude your efforts, I would have lost much more blood, and that would have weakened me more, and have retarded my recovery. I don't know how to express my appreciation enough, but I won't forget your services, I assure you."

"I am very glad that I happened to be on the spot at the moment you needed me," answered Jack. "It was really quite accidental, and if you would like to hear how it happened, I will tell you the story."

Mr. Dawson said he would be glad to hear his story, and so Jack told it, beginning with the trip of the party he was with to the Temple of the Juggernaut, in Nysore village, and then explaining how he got lost in the jungle. From that point he told of his own adventures in the jungle, on the wild waste of country during the thunderstorm, at the hut on the edge of the marsh, and finally his appearance before the inn a few minutes before he heard the shrieks of Miss Dawson and answered them by reaching the room by way of the roof of the veranda. Miss Dawson, whose first name was Edna, held her breath during a considerable part of his story.

When he had finished, Mr. Dawson complimented Jack on his pluck and said he was worthy of the great country that gave him birth. After that the conversation assumed a general character. Mr. Dawson explained that he was in the wholesale lumber business and lived in the city of Belfast, Maine. He said that he and his daughter were making a tour of the world, and that they yet had to visit Australia, Japan and other places on their itinerary, and would return home via San Francisco. Jack told them that he had come to Madras to visit his uncle and family, and would soon have to go back via the Suez Canal route and England. When Mr. Dawson learned that he lived with his mother in Boston he said that he would expect Jack to visit him and Edna at their Belfast home as soon as

they got back from their trip. He would take Jack's address, write to him enroute and finally notify him of their return to Maine. He furnished the boy with his address in Belfast and took Jack's.

After a pleasant visit Jack took his leave, promising to call next day and, if it was convenient, take Miss Dawson to the consulate and introduce her to his aunt and cousin. When he got back he found Joe still there, and learned that he had just returned with Daisy from a walk in the best part of the town.

"Say, old man," said Joe, "let's go to your room and have a try at that cryptogram. I'd like to see you work it out."

"Come on, but I can't promise that I'll be able to find the key. It may be easy, and it may not. It all depends on the lines upon which it is constructed."

Jack got the parchment out of his trunk, and laying it out on his table, began to study it, with Joe looking interestedly on.

"How are you going to tackle it?" asked Joe.

"On account of it having been in the possession of an American sailor, and also because it looks like his work, I shall begin by assuming that the English alphabet was used in its make-up," said Jack.

"I should say there was no doubt about that," said Joe. "See, there's a short &, and there it is again. Every letter I see belongs to the English alphabet."

"The first thing is to find the letter that occurs most frequently, and that can safely be put down as standing for the letter 'e.' Then the most common double vowels are ea and ou, and r, s and t are the most frequent terminal letters. Those facts are of no small assistance in forming a key to any given cryptogram," said Jack.

"You seem to have the idea down fine," said Joe. "Finding the most frequent letter should be easy enough. Anybody could get on to that by counting the number of times each letter appears on the parchment. As the words are divided off you can easily see what the terminal letters are."

"I know, but the division of the letters into apparent words might be a bluff, for the object of all cryptogram makers is to throw a solver off the scent as much as possible. Look at that letter Q in the last line all by itself. If this cryptogram is really divided into words, the most natural inference is that that letter stands for A."

"That's right," said Joe. "Have you found the letter that appears the oftenest?"

"Yes. It's U. It appears 22 times—five times in the first and fourth lines, and six times in the second and third lines. I judge it is E."

"I notice that D appears quite often."

"Fifteen times."

"There seems to be as many H's and Y's."

"There are fourteen of each."

"I have counted 13 G's."

"That's right, and there are 11 each of C, I and Q. There's another important fact—six of the presumed words are duplicated twice."

"I didn't notice that."

Jack pointed out the repetitions.

"Two of the pairs consist of only two letters, and there are also three other combinations of two letters. These might stand for such words as An, On, Of, etc. There are two different com-

binations of three letters, either one of which might stand for The."

"I suppose you have decided that U stands for E?"

"I think that's a safe bet."

"The letter D, being next numerous, stands for A, maybe?"

"Not necessarily. I think Q stands for A because it stands alone. I believe that is the weak point in this cryptogram and is going to lead to its solution. An expert never would have brought a single letter into such prominence in the formation of a cryptogram where the words appear to be spaced off. The sailor, who I believe to have been the author of this puzzle, was not an expert, and overlooked this very important point."

"Well, you've got hold of two of the more important letters, we'll say—E and A. Now, what letter does D represent? That comes next in number."

"There's little difference between D, H, Y and G, with C, I and Q close seconds. In figuring on the matter we must bear in mind that next to E the letters T, I, N, O and S are usually the letters mostly used in writing, with D, R, L, T and perhaps U pushing them hard. We may, therefore, conclude that the first six characters above stated for Q is decided on as A, represent six out of those ten."

"Go ahead and see if you can pick them out," said Joe.

"The characters that appear oftenest as terminals here are U, 8 times; C and H, 7 times each. We have already decided that U is S. I assume, then, that C and H represent either R, S or T, that is two of those three letters. As H appears oftenest through the cryptogram, I will put it down as S, because S is used oftener, as a rule, in writing than R and T. C might stand for either R or T, but it doesn't follow that it does in spite of the fact that it appears so often as a terminal. N is a terminal of lots of words, and that fact must not be overlooked."

"You have a great head, Jack," said Joe admiringly.

"C appears four times as the terminal of DC and YC. Neither can stand for AT as we have decided that Q is A, consequently neither D nor Y is A. I don't believe that C stands for T, but rather for either N or R."

"I notice that U, D, H, T and A come together in five cases," said Joe.

"Yes. S, P, E, N and other letters often come together in writing. We have fixed upon H as S. I don't see that I can do better than to keep tab on Q as A. There's a QI. That might stand for AT."

"Or AN."

"No. I think C is N. The third word in the first line is DC. Let us call that ON."

"Then we'll say that QI is AT."

"Till further notice."

"If D stands for O, what does DV stand for?"

"OF," said Jack, at a venture.

"Good! You'll get there some time if you keep on," grinned Joe. "You've got seven letters right now—perhaps."

"I've got eight, for I believe that Y is I. YC will go for IN without balling me up on what I've done so far."

"And YH is IS," cried Joe, finding that the combination jibed.

"Good boy, Joe. We've got the five two-letter combinations, apparently—ON, AT, OF, IN and IS."

"I've made out a real word," cried Joe excitedly.

"Show up."

"The fifth on the second line—UQHI. It makes it EAST."

"Fine and dandy. If I could find out what G and B stand for I'd have the word next to it, for the first letter is F and the third is O."

"What's the matter with FROM—EAST FROM reads well."

"Not bad. Let's call it so. It will give us two additional letters to work with."

"We have nearly half of the alphabet now. This is getting easy. I can read all but the middle letter of the next word, but it doesn't make any sense that I can see," said Joe.

"Never mind that. We must work from the beginning to get the sense of the thing. The first word has four letters, we know, but unfortunately the first and last ones are still mysteries and I can't make out what it is. The second word is just as bad, for two of the four letters are still undiscovered. The third is ON. The fourth reads OAST with the first letter missing. That S is mighty important. I've got the fifth word complete. It is FIFTEEN. We are surely on the right track now. The sixth word—first and third letters missing——"

"MILES!" shouted Joe. "FIFTEEN MILES."

"Fine as silk. You've got some head. That supplies two more letters. Now the sixth word. Two more letters missing. S, O, blank, T, blank."

"SOUTH," yelled Joe. "FIFTEEN MILES SOUTH. What's the matter with that combination?"

"Great! We're coming to it fast. DV is OF—fifteen miles south of. Now for the second line. M, A, blank, R, A, S."

"MADRAS," said Joe. "Fifteen miles south of Madras. Oh, I say, we are the people!"

"Another letter gained. T stands for D. The next word is THREE. The next is MILES again. The next, DUE. The fifth is EAST. We've got this cryptogram on the run, Joe."

"Bet your life we have. The next word is FROM. I read that before."

"The next is the one you were stuck on. RAN, blank, OOR."

"What's the next one? The combination may give it to us."

"Blank, ILLA, blank, E," read Jack.

"I've got it," said Joe. "I've been there. It's Ranpoor Village."

"Good! That gives us three new letters. Now we've got seventeen."

"We haven't got on to that S yet. Gosh! I've got it!" said Joe, looking back at the first three unfinished words. "It's C. The second word is CAVE and the fourth is COAST. I'll bet the first is WATER—no, WATERY. Read as far as we've gone."

"Watery cave on coast fifteen miles south of Madras, three miles due east of Ranpoor Village," read Jack.

"We've mastered half of it. The rest should be simple with twenty letters out of the twenty-six to work with."

And so it proved. They had the whole cryptogram translated before them in a few minutes. This is how it read in its complete state:

"Watery cave on coast fifteen miles south of Madras, three miles due east from Ranpoor Village. Low tide shows three crosses on rock at entrance, south. In crevice behind rock is hidden a million in rubies."

"A million in rubies! Holy mackerel!" gasped Joe. "Do you believe it?"

CHAPTER IX.—Planning to Look for the Treasure.

Jack did not reply at once. He was staring fixedly at the four lines and studying their import. A million in rubies! No wonder the information was concealed in the maze of a cryptogram. India was the country of rubies and many other precious stones. He had read and heard that the native rajahs, and other high Indian officials, possessed great fortunes in jewels.

In times past revolutions swept the country quite often, and the rich Hindoo princes and officials sometimes found it advisable to conceal their treasures when forced into sudden flight. Perhaps this million in rubies represented one of those hidden treasures which the owner, owing, perhaps, to his death, or for some other reason, had failed to recover, and it still lay concealed in the watery cave where he had placed it, presumably, many years since. Why not? Jack looked at his friend.

"You ask me if I believe it?" he said slowly.

"I do. It looks improbable to me," said Joe.

"If there was nothing in this information, why should it be hidden in cryptogram form? The sailor must have obtained the information somehow and intended to use it, though it seems to me he could just as well have carried it in his head as writing it down in the form he had it in, as the facts are easy to remember."

"Maybe he didn't make that cryptogram, but got it from somebody else. Maybe those two Hindoos, Singh Smahl and Ram Rusti, knew he had the parchment, followed him to the hut, and murdered him when he refused to give it up to them."

"That may be true," admitted Jack. "They made a thorough search of his pockets and ripped up the lining wherever there was any about his garments. They did not think of looking behind the lining of his hat, or my approach frightened them away before they got that far."

"Well, the only way we can prove whether there is any truth in this information or not is by going right to the spot mentioned and making a close search at the entrance to the watery cave at low tide. If we find a rock on the south side of the entrance with three crosses cut in it, we stand a chance of getting hold of a million in rubies—that is, if somebody else hasn't been there before us and taken it away."

"We shall want to take a small compass with

us so as to get and hold our bearing when we leave the village for the coast."

"I've got one home that will answer first rate."

"I suppose the Hindoos of the village and vicinity wouldn't interfere with us?" said Jack.

"No. They're all right."

"How came you to go there?"

"My father sold one of the farmers, as we call them, a plough, and I went there to collect the balance due on it."

"How long would it take us to get there on horseback? Is the road good?"

"There is no direct road. I went as far as I could along the Madras road, and then cut across the country to the village. It's a roundabout way of twenty-odd miles, slow riding in some places. It took me about three hours to get there, and as many more coming back. I stayed there two hours, so you see I was practically the whole day on the round trip."

"Wouldn't it be better for us to hire a sloop and sail down the coast to the cave?"

"It might if we could count on the wind, on our ability to sail the boat, and on the certainty of finding the watery cave that way."

"We ought to be able to see the cave by keeping close in to the shore."

"You can't tell. It might be hidden by intervening rocks, or by the formation of the shore, or the height of the tide when we got there. Anyway, how are we going to tell when we've sailed fifteen miles from this town?"

"I guess it will be better to go by land," said Jack.

"That's my opinion. When we reach the village, which we can't miss, all we will have to do will be to face due east, and keep to it by compass till we strike the coast, then we'll be close upon the cave. If the tide is up, or coming in, we'll have to wait till it goes down."

"If we should be so lucky as to find the million in rubies, do you think we can carry all the stones in the bags that we'll bring with us for the purpose?"

"If the rubies are finished stones, and of the best quality, we'll be able to do it easily enough. A choice ruby is worth more than a choice diamond of the same size. There are rubies so valuable that I could carry \$100,000 worth in one hand."

"The rubies are, in my opinion, finished stones, and I guess that a large part of them are in settings. The treasure was doubtless hidden there by some Hindoo of high rank who was forced to skip his home in a hurry to avoid capture by his enemies. He must have had a large private collection of rubies, alleged to be worth a million. To prevent this collection from being lost to him, he carried it to the watery cave, which he was acquainted with, and hid it there, intending to recover it later. If the treasure is still there it will prove that he never came after it."

"If it is there, and we get it, how much of it do I get for my share?"

"I'll give you half," said Jack. "Half a million is enough for me, and you are a good fellow, and an American to boot."

"Oh, I'm not entitled to so much. You own the cryptogram and would have made it out yourself without any help from me. Had I found

it, I never could have made head or tail out of it, as easy as it turned out in the end. It was only after you got explaining and digging into it that I began to see how the thing worked. Suppose you call my share one-third—that is, of course, if we find anything. If we don't find anything, then my share of the trouble will be one-half. In any event, it will be a sort of adventure for us."

"All right. We'll let it go that way," said Jack.

"When do you want to set out on the trip?"

"Right away. To-morrow if we can manage it."

"I'll see about the horses. We'll use the same pair that carried us to Nysore Village the other day. I'll strap a couple of native saddle bags on them before fetching them around here. You've got a revolver. You'd better fetch it, and I'll bring mine, though I don't think we'll have any need for them, but still it's well to be on the safe side."

"As we are pretty sure to be gone all day, and possibly well into the night, in case we are delayed by the tide, how shall we manage about eating? Can we get dinner in the village?"

"Yes, I guess we could buy a meal, but I'd prefer to carry my dinner with me. You want to get your cousin to put you up a nice fat package of eatables, enough to fill out two meals, with a bottle of native cordial and another of water."

"All right, old man. I'll put this parchment away and keep it as a memento," said Jack, opening his trunk. "We'll take the translated copy with us, though I don't believe we will have any use for it. We don't need it to show us the way to the village, and once at the village we have only to walk east to the coast. As soon as we have located the cave, we shall find, if the tide is low, or when it gets low, three crosses on a rock at the south side of the entrance. In a crevice behind that rock the million in rubies is supposed to be hidden. Anybody of average brains could remember that. We don't need to fetch the paper."

"Well, I'm going home. By the way, you said all cryptograms have a key. What was the key of this one? Seemed to me that we just studied it out."

"The key was the letter Q. That represented A. Consequently R stood for B, S for C, and so on down to &, which represented K. Then A stood for L, B for M, and so on down to P, which stood for &, but didn't count for anything. F, M, O and P did not figure at all in the cryptogram; E, N and W only once each. I didn't get on to this until we had the puzzle practically solved. Although we did not apply the key in the right way, still our success was due largely to the fact that I took Q for A instead of one of the other letters that appeared frequently."

"And you did that because one of the Q's stood by itself like the article A?"

"I admit that influenced my action."

"You could make any letter in the alphabet the key letter, couldn't you?"

"Of course, but it must always stand for A. Instead of taking Q, as in this case, you could use X. In that case Y would stand for B, and so on. Get me?"

"Sure. That's easy. Is it necessary to put in the &?"

"No; but it adds effect to the look of a simple cryptogram like this one."

"That's right," nodded Joe, who then took his departure.

After Joe had gone Jack sat down and wrote Mr. Dawson a brief note telling him he would be obliged to postpone his visit for a day owing to an engagement he had previously made. He sent the note by a servant. After dinner he told his uncle that he and Joe were going to Ranpoor village the next morning and would be gone all day. Daisy questioned him about his going away, but he told her he had promised Joe to keep it secret, and she appeared satisfied.

At nine o'clock the next morning Joe appeared on horseback leading an animal for Jack. They were soon mounted and on their way. On their way they stopped at the headquarters of the police to learn if Ram Rusti had been captured. He had not been, and they learned to their dismay that Singh Smahl had escaped during the night. Ram Rusti, Charak and Singh Smahl were now at liberty and likely to give the boys all kinds of trouble.

They now resumed their journey. At noon they rested in a small grove near a dwelling and proceeded to eat their meagre meal. While they were resting after their meal was eaten they were startled by a succession of screams emanating from the house near by. Jack and Joe sprang up and rushed to the house and entered. In the middle of a room a rough Hindoo was struggling with three women. The men of the house were evidently away somewhere.

As Jack rushed in the Hindoo had got one arm free and had drawn a knife. The Hindoo saw Jack and gave a snarl. The Hindoo was Charak, the innkeeper, and Jack recognized him.

CHAPTER X.—The Watery Cave.

"So it's you?" said Jack, disarming him with Joe's help. "At your old tricks again. I guess you'll fetch up now in the Madras jail. It takes an American to catch chaps of your stamp."

Charak roared out some kind of invective in Hindoostanee. Jack guessed it was a threat of some kind, for his eyes snapped viciously and he struggled to break the hold of the two boys.

"Speak United States," said Jack.

"You no let me go, I'll kill you first chance!" hissed Charak.

"If I can help it, you won't get the chance," replied Jack. "Your kind intentions are only exceeded by your rascally looks. Get something to tie him with, Joe."

When Joe let go of him, two of the women grabbed his arm, and he had as much chance of making his escape as a fly has of swimming a stream of molasses.

Joe came back with a rope. Charak was tripped up and fell to the floor. Jack held his arms while Joe tied them to his side. Then the boys dragged him into a corner. The woman of the house once more rattled off a speech to Jack,

while the other two men opened on Joe. Jack had to resort to the sign language, but not being much of a pantomimist, it is a question whether the woman caught much of his meaning.

However, she easily made out that he couldn't understand nor talk the Hindoo language, and her features expressed regret thereat, for she was deprived of the pleasure of telling him how grateful she felt toward him. She did the best she could by seizing the boy's hand and pressing it to her lips, and then laying it against her forehead. Jack, on his part, bowed politely to her, raised her fingers to his lips, and smiled cheerfully. The woman blushed a little, smiled back and then pointing to a seat, indicated her desire for him to be seated. He sat down and so did Joe. The other two women, in obedience to an order, left the room, but presently returned with some fruit, some rice cakes, and a flagon of sweet cordial.

"I guess we'll have to oblige these women by nibbling a little," said Jack to Joe.

Accordingly they got away with a rice cake and a little fruit, and drank some of the wine. Then they got up and indicated that they would have to go. Jack pointed at the prisoner, and then in the direction of Madras, or where he supposed Madras lay.

Whether the woman understood his meaning or not, she nodded, and the boys started to look up their horses, followed outside by the women. The animals had not wandered far, and they were soon on their way to the village. They reached Ranpoor in less than an hour, took their compass bearings, and headed for the coast without loss of time. After passing by the farms in the immediate neighborhood, they found the landscape wild and barren, and difficult of keeping in anything like a straight line.

"I'm afraid we're going to have trouble in fetching the cave," said Jack.

"We'll have to do the best we can," replied Joe.

They made slow progress and frequently had to go out of their way to avoid obstructions in their path. The afternoon was well spent when they finally reached the shore within sight of the water, tethered their animals to a tree and started to look for the cave. The coast was rocky and the shore difficult of access. They had lost their bearings so far as the cave was concerned, and the only way they could find it was to make a close search for it. After a while they discovered a ravine that led down to a small patch of beach.

"The tide appears to be down," said Joe, noting the line of seaweed which marked the limit of the last high tide.

"It may be coming in or going out," responded Jack. "I should like to look around the point of that rock and also the one opposite. Either might command a view of the cave."

"If the water isn't too deep we can wade out that far, keeping close to the rocks. You could go out on one side while I could try the other," said Joe.

"What's the matter with our swimming out if we can't wade?"

"We'll do it."

They took off their clothes and started first to wade. The water deepened slowly to their waists as they went forward. Joe was halfway out on

his side, when he suddenly disappeared with a plunge. Jack stopped and waited for him to reappear. He came up in a moment or two and continued on swimming. He had stepped off the rock into a hole, or break, on that side, and could have regained his footing a yard farther on. Jack had better luck on his side, and when he reached the point which commanded the view to the south he was standing a little above his waist in the water.

"What do you see, Jack?" asked Joe, from across the narrow opening.

"Nothing that looks like a cave," replied Jack.

"We'll have to go back and continue on as we were doing."

"Looks that way."

Back to the sandy pocket of beach they went and resumed their garments.

Extricating themselves from the ravine, they kept on to a point where a long, low, rocky promontory ran out some distance from the shore.

"We'll go out on this," said Jack. "It will enable us to get a good view of the shore in both directions for some distance up and down."

It was not easy walking the narrow ledge of rock, and they had to feel their way, holding on frequently with their hands in a crawling attitude. Naturally, they proceeded slowly, and they persisted fully, for they were fully exposed to the sun, which shone from the direction of the land. They watched the line of shore as they opened it up further and further. At length by great effort they reached the extreme end of the promontory.

"What's that indentation over there?" asked Jack, pointing to a spot something less than a quarter of a mile away.

"By George!" cried Joe. "It looks like the arched opening into a cave, with a watery floor to it."

The boys looked at it carefully and were assured it was a cave, and probably the one they were in search of.

"How are we going to get to it?" said Joe. "There is no beach leading there that I can see."

"We'll have to keep on down the coast till we come to the back of it and then try to reach it down over the rocks."

They encountered the same difficulties in getting back to the coast line as they had in creeping out to the end of the promontory, and more time was thus consumed. Then they continued south toward the bunch of seven trees which they could not always keep in sight. That did not matter, for they knew about where the trees were. Even had the trees not been there to act as a landmark they would have been able to locate the cave by keeping the end of the promontory in sight and calculating the distance of the space between as they proceeded. However, the trees were a sure guide, and in due time they reached them. They had noticed that the rocks projected out a bit to the north of the cave. The rocks also projected out on the south. Walking out to the projecting ledge on the north, which lay directly opposite the seven trees, the boys found they could reach the lower point of the ledge, which ran down into the water at a right angle, without great difficulty, but the ledge itself cut off the view of the cave. Jack was in advance, and when he reached almost to the end of the shelving rocks he leaned

over and looked around. He looked straight into the mouth of a fair-sized marine cavern.

"Eureka!" he cried exultantly. "We're right upon it, Joe."

"Let's wade if we can. We've got to carry the hammer and chisel, and I don't believe in leaving our clothes with our revolvers behind. There's no place here to leave our duds, anyway. We'd have to go back to the top of the shore again. If we go in over our heads we'll swim, and our clothes are so few and light it doesn't make a whole lot of difference if they do get soaked. The heat in the air will dry them in a short time. Come on."

Jack entered the water and found it up to his waist. Joe followed after him. The bottom felt smooth and sandy, but not soft sand. They did not sink into it at all. Striking straight out for the mouth of the cave, they noticed that the depth of water remained about the same, growing, perhaps, a couple of inches shallower as they drew near the entrance. Jack made for the southern point of the entrance and soon reached it.

"See any crosses?" asked Joe eagerly.

"No," replied Jack, scanning the outermost rock, which faced the sea at a sharp angle.

Joe reached his side and looked, too.

"Maybe they are still out of sight under water," he said. "We can't tell but the tide will drop a foot or two."

"We must watch the water line and see if it is still receding."

Jack placed his finger on a level with the water and held it there.

"I'll take a look in the cave while you are waiting," said Joe.

He waded in, the water gradually growing shallower as he proceeded, for the floor of the cave was on an incline. A projecting rock soon hid Joe from Jack's sight. As the minutes passed it seemed to Jack that the tide was still going out, but as his finger had slipped on the wet surface of the rock he couldn't make certain. Jack leaned against the rock and allowed his gaze to wander out over the sun-kissed water toward the far-off line of the horizon. Then he looked at the projecting promontory where he and Joe had caught their first glimpse of the watery cave. His thoughts also wandered back to America, and the shores Nahant and other seaside resorts he had visited in the summer time in seasons past. Suddenly he woke up and came back to the business in hand. He looked down at his finger. The water had receded several inches, and right below his finger three deep crosses were carved in the rock. He uttered a shout and looked around for Joe. That lad was just coming into sight around the corner of the projecting rock.

"I've found the crosses!" cried Jack. "Come and look at them."

"I thought you would," responded his friend, "and I've found something, too."

"What did you find?"

"An exit at the back of the cave through a curtain of bushes. We can leave that way. It's a whole lot easier than by wading out to the rocks yonder and regaining the top of the shore the way we came."

Joe reached his side and looked at the three crosses.

"This is the spot," said Jack; "a million in rubies is hidden here."

As he raised his hammer to tap the rock the boys heard sounds behind them. Turning, they saw the rascally Singh Smahl and Ram Rusti on the rocks. With a shout of triumph, the two rascals sprang into the water and came at them.

CHAPTER XI.—Conclusion.

"Oh, my! Who is this coming?" ejaculated Joe, in a tone of alarm, when he saw that one of the rascals was waving a big sword in a menacing way.

"Out with your gun, Joe—quick! That's Singh Smahl in advance, and the other is Sam Rusti. We've got to stand them off, even if we have to shoot them!" cried Jack, driving his right hand into his pocket, after dropping the hammer, and whipping out his dripping revolver.

Joe followed suit. They cocked their weapons and aimed them at the two scoundrels. The Hindoos stopped aghast at the sight of the guns.

"Don't shoot, sahib! We wish to be friends," said Singh Smahl.

"You do in a ram's horn. Drop that saber, Ram Rusti, or I'll drop you!" cried Jack.

Ram Rusti dropped his hands in the water, but held on to the weapon. Jack suspected he still had hold of it and ordered him to hold up his arms. He shoved the blade of the sword between his legs and then held up his arms. The movement was so apparent to Jack that he lost patience with the rascal.

"You have that sword between your legs. I told you to drop it."

Ram Rusti saw that he meant business, and he was compelled to obey.

"Now clear out of here, both of you!" said Jack.

They backed away through the water till they reached the point where they could clamber up on the projecting rocks. They retreated a few yards on the other side of the rocks and then stopped to consult.

"Sneak out there, with your gun ready for business, and see where they went to," said Jack to his companion.

Joe did so. He peeped around the corner of the rocks and saw the rascals a short distance away. Without saying a word, he fired a bullet close to their heads to scare them. The shot produced the effect intended. The Hindoos rushed to cover and then Joe returned to the cave.

"I dropped the hammer in the water," said Jack; "but maybe we don't need it. The parchment said that the rubies were hidden in a crevice behind the rock. Let us hunt for the crevice."

The crevice was found and Jack shoved in his arm. His fingers encountered something that felt like a couple of bags. He drew one of them out. It proved to be a weighty bag of thick material, and was secured at the mouth by a strong cord, wound several times about the neck and sealed with wax a quarter of an inch thick.

"Here's a part of the million," said Jack exultantly. "Our quest has proved successful. Catch hold of it while I reach for the other."

Joe took the bag, regarding it with great curiosity. Jack fished out the second bag, which was

smaller, and the feel of that showed that it was full of unset stones as far as could be judged. Holding it in his left hand, he inserted his arm again into the crevice, but there was nothing more in the hole.

"These two bags represent the alleged million in rubies. As there is nothing else in the hole, we need not remain here any longer. I guess you made a lucky discovery when you found a way out of the cave at the back. Those two rascals are doubtless in hiding close by, waiting for us to return the way we came here, and they plan to take us off our guard. We shall probably be able to give them the slip. Go out to the rocks and take another look and see if you can make out where the villains are, then we will leave by the rear of the cave," said Jack.

Joe did as he was asked to. He returned and reported that he could see no signs of the Hindoos. Leading the way, with the big jewel bag in his left hand and his revolver in his right, Joe started for the back of the cave, and Jack followed him. The cave gradually narrowed to a small passage, which terminated in a hole, screened by thick bushes. Through these they cautiously pushed their way and looked carefully around.

They deemed it wise to make a detour to the south, so as to give their enemies as wide a berth as possible, and then they started for the spot where they had left their horses. They were so fortunate as to reach the spot before darkness came on. It suddenly occurred to Jack that perhaps the Hindoos knew where they had left their horses, and instead of hiding near the cave had ambushed themselves where the waiting animals were, thinking it a more likely place to catch the boys off their guard. He mentioned his suspicions to Joe, and his friend agreed that it would be wise for them to be cautious. They approached the place with as little noise as possible, and looked sharply around through the bushes and trees, but saw no evidence of the enemy.

"I guess they're not here," said Joe.

"I don't intend to take any chances. Leave your bag with me, go forward, unhitch the animals and lead them into the open space yonder. I will watch, and if the rascals show themselves I'll shoot at once," said Jack.

Joe, with his weapon ready for action, went forward and showed himself. Nothing happened till he began releasing the horses, then Jack saw one of the Hindoos, which one he could not tell, creeping upon him with a knife in his teeth. Jack waited till he had got a good aim, and then fired. The rascal uttered a hoarse cry and pitched forward on his face, where he lay still. Joe turned quickly and saw the motionless form of Ram Rusti bleeding from a wound in his neck. He hurriedly released the horses and led them out into the open ground, looking out sharply for Singh Smahl.

As soon as Joe had the two animals out from under the trees, where the other rascal would have to show himself to reach them, Jack made a rush and joined him. The bags of treasure were quickly dropped into two of the saddle bags, the boys mounted and rode off in the direction of the village. They had gone but a short distance when night overtook them, but with the disc-

pearance of the sun the stars came out in all their glory, shining so bright that the landscape was fairly lighted up.

The boys kept constantly on the watch with their revolvers cocked in their hands, so that Singh Smahl, if he was creeping after them in the shadow of the bushes, was wise enough to refrain from making any attack on them. He knew that lead traveled faster than he could act, and, being no fool, he did not care to take any desperate chances even for the big stake he was after. And so the boys went on through brush and brake, and around the many obstructions lying in their path, in safety, and finally came in sight of the village.

There was little going on there at that hour. The few Hindoos they met looked at them curiously, no doubt wondering whence they had come, and why they were abroad in that part of the country after nightfall. Passing through the village, they reached the open fields, and here they felt pretty safe from Singh Smahl, for they were able to put on speed. Across the open country they galloped at a rapid rate, and in due time reached the branch road that would take them right into Madras.

An hour later they reached the consulate, dismounted and went upstairs. The hour was ten, and the Chapman family was gathered in the sitting room. Mr. Chapman was reading a copy of the *London Times*, which had arrived that day, Mrs. Chapman was sewing, while Daisy was deep in a new novel, loaned her by an admirer who was employed in Captain Trelawney's office.

"So you boys have got back," said the American consul, looking at them. "'Pon my word, you look badly rumpled up, as if you'd been in the water with your clothes on."

"You've made a good guess, uncle," said Jack. "We have been in the water with our clothes on."

"Have you taken to bathing that way?" laughed Mr. Chapman.

"No, sir. We found it convenient to go in that way, that's all."

"Perhaps you will explain why?"

"Certainly. We were after a million in rubies."

"A million in rubies! What do you mean?"

"Put the bags on the table, Joe, and let my uncle and the family gaze upon the treasure which we suppose is worth a million."

Mr. Chapman dropped his paper, his wife her sewing, and Daisy her novel. The attention of the three was concentrated upon the peculiar-looking bags. Mr. Chapman got up to take a closer look. He saw right away from the private seal of a certain famous, but dead and gone, rajah, that the bags contained something of undoubted value.

"Where did you find these bags, Jack?" he asked.

"In a marine cave, three miles east of Ranpoor Village."

"The place you went to investigate?"

"Yes, sir."

"May I ask whether you found these bags by accident, or if you had a previous knowledge that they were in the cave, and the object of your journey was to find them?"

"The latter fact is the right one."

"In what way did you secure this knowledge?"

"Through a cryptogram I found in the lining of the dead sailor's hat in the hut on the occasion when I was overtaken by the thunder storm."

"You never said anything about the cryptogram before."

"I know it. Joe and I did not solve it till late yesterday, and then we made up our mind to go to the cave right away and verify the information it contained. The bags before you are evidence that we succeeded."

"Tell us the whole story."

Jack did so, and the Chapman family were lost in astonishment. The small bag was opened first and found to contain a large collection of valuable rubies of various sizes. At a rough estimate Mr. Chapman figured their value at three quarters of a million. The large bag was then opened and contained a collection of rings and other pieces of jewelry, all set with rubies of different sizes. Mr. Chapman said the lot was easily worth a quarter of a million.

"Then we have really secured a million in rubies," said Jack.

"All of that, I should think," said the consul. "You have come in possession of the long-missing and famous collection of rubies that once belonged to the Rajah Maler Kotla. It disappeared shortly before his death, and was believed to have been stolen by a trusted servant, who disappeared mysteriously. It will hardly be well, even at this late day, for the news of your recovery to be made public in this country. The stones and jewelry must be secretly shipped to America. They can go in the same steamer with yourself, and consigned in bond to the Custom House in New York. I will provide you with a letter to deliver to the Secretary of the Treasury, and he will arrange for the disposition of the rubies. He will see that they are sold to good advantage for your benefit, and the Government will retain their twenty-five per cent. duty."

"Then the Government will get a quarter of the treasure?" said Jack.

Mr. Chapman nodded.

"That will leave me half a million and Joe a quarter of a million. Well, I guess we can worry along on that."

And so the matter was arranged and duly carried out. Joe went to the States with Jack to receive his share of the fortune, and the amount the boys eventually received, after deducting the large duty, proved that the cryptogram had told no story when it stated that behind the rock in the watery cave would be found a million in rubies, declared by the Treasury Department to be the richest find in the world.

Next week's issue will contain "TOM, THE BANK MESSENGER; or, THE BOY WHO GOT RICH."

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"Ma has solved the servant girl problem." "That so? How?" "She's decided to do the work herself."

CURRENT NEWS

SOLD DEER

Nine deer at the Northern Indian Hospital for the Insane near Logansport, Ind., have been sold to the Park Board of South Dakota, it is announced by Samuel Dodds, superintendent of the local institution. The contract for the deer calls for the catching, crating and shipping of the animals at the expense and risk of the buyers.

It was decided several months ago by the management of the hospital that the herd would be disposed of in order that the ground taken up by the park in which they were confined might be used to a more practical advantage. Chicken hatcheries and coops will be placed on the plot.

Four animals were sold recently to a Cincinnati park commission, diminishing the herd to nine. The deer have been at the State institution for many years.

RESCUED CAT

Perched in a hickory tree at No. 15000 Parkside Drive, Toledo, O., for days, a yellow cat was brought to the ground one afternoon recently by a telephone company lineman.

Mrs. Hazel Witchner of Parkside Drive notified the Toledo Humane Society after her husband had tried several times to induce the cat to come down. He climbed as high as he was able but

could not reach the cat or persuade it to leave its perch.

The telephone company was notified and Leon Hollenbeck, lineman, climbed to the top of the tree and to the end of the limb, from which he brought the feline to the ground.

It is thought the cat became frightened by dogs and ran to the highest point in the tree and either was unable to get down or was afraid to come down.

CAT HAD GOOD MEAL

A fire alarm interrupted the members of the Columbus Fire Department, Columbus, Ind., as they prepared to eat a chicken dinner served to them the other by the women of the United Brethren Church.

Half an hour later they returned to the tempting victuals, but had hardly taken up their forks when a second alarm sounded.

Out they dashed for another round of appetizing exercise. Returning, they approached the dinner table feeling sure of their feast this time. But one member of the department, the pet cat, had been unable to await their return. During the second run the cat had climbed on the table and had eaten all the chicken.

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Daring Dan Dobson

— OR —

THE BOY WHO BEAT THE MOONSHINERS

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

In the excitement he forgot about the cold of the water, and the movements of his arms and legs were as rhythmic as though he were some fine machine.

Bang!

A bullet "sailed" across the surface of the water, close to him.

"They come!" thought Dan, as he thanked his stars that the shot was no nearer.

He took a long breath and dropped under the surface to swim along with his skillful strokes under the water.

After about twenty-five feet of this, he came to the surface, got his bearings and a fresh breath, and was under the water just as another shot rang out.

The men were not quick enough to get him.

Five of them stood by the foot of the inundated roadway now, for they had worked their way through the trees, to find no enemy left.

Their chagrin was amusing.

"Say, boys, ef we can't pick him off, we'd all better keep quiet about this here eppysode," began one of the men, "for ef we don't, Jake Newcastle will make life miserable fer us, and we'll never hear the last of it from the others! This is too slick a getaway."

"We kin pick him off, ef we attend ter it," declared another, as he raised his gun and took a quick aim and shot at the swimming youth.

But his attempt was in vain.

All of them failed.

For Dan Dobson, fearless and daring enough was too shrewd a fox to risk his escape by swimming in his course, and finally came to air only on his back, taking his breathing, with his mouth only out of the water, face upward, so that the men could not see a mark to shoot at from that growing distance.

He was nearing his friends on the raft, who had been swept out of range, and were cheering him on.

"Bully fer you, Dan!"

"Come on, lad!"

But Dan was beginning to feel tired, and he knew that all was not over.

He was again swimming his breast-stroke, for he was out of range now.

Looking ahead, as he was borne along on the general direction down stream, he beheld a swing of the current caused by a jutting highland on the opposite shore.

"There, we'd better try to get ashore and let

the old raft go!" he cried, as he finally caught hold of the logs.

"You git up hyar and rest yer arms and legs," advised Zach, pulling him up.

The weight of the three of them bore the logs into the water, and deeply. But it was arranged so that it did support them.

The horses were beginning to blow, although they made gallant swimmers.

"Well, here's our only chance, or we'll be swept down a dozen miles and see the horses drown before our eyes," declared Dobson earnestly.

"Well, start ahead," said Zach. "Don't forget yer boots on the raft hyar. They're wetter than the river, but ye kin tie 'em over yer neck ef ye want, or to your hoss's saddle."

Dan leaped into the water, and fastened the boots to his submerged saddle.

Then he caught the reins of the faithful Starlight, and the horse followed him toward the shore.

It was lucky for them that they did so, at this time, for they chanced to strike shallows almost at once, much to their surprise.

The horses were nearly exhausted.

"Gosh, I hope we can find help somewhere—these poor animals need a warm rub-down, and a rest," said Dan Dobson.

His companions agreed with him.

Zachary studied the lay of the land for a bit.

"I know whar we are, and we'll git aid all right. This is near old Eli Mountford's farm. Your pa, Dan, has helped the old fellow in his little place down hyar more'n once. We kin get a return favor now."

They walked up the easy slope of cleared land and found a road back of the flooded area.

Along this they went, and Zachary proved as good a prophet as he was a guide.

They were received cordially by Eli Mountford, a weazened-up little man who kept no servants but did all his own work on the little farm extending along the side of the river.

They had at last a chance for a good long rest.

But first they rubbed their horses with good liniment, to keep them from getting badly chilled from the long dip. At Eli's suggestion the animals were led down a little slanting way to his cellar, under the house.

"Why this?" asked Dan.

"Well," said Eli, who had heard the story of their escape, "I've had a lot of experience in this country, and I don't want to make enemies of Jake Newcastle's gang. Yet, I want to help my friend Zach, an' the son of ole Colonel Dobson!"

"And this will hide them?"

"Yep. Ye've got it, son. Then fellers will be along sarchin' inside of an hour or two. They'll git across—leave it to them. I've had other hosses under the house, and I know whar to cover up the entrance. You all will have to go up in the top of my house, in a secret attic I have, whar ye kin sleep for twenty-four hours ef ye want, and they'll never find ye."

(To be continued)

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

CALF ENDURES PRIVATION

A calf buried under a haystack for sixteen days without water, not only alive when discovered, but able to get up and gambol away, is reported at Pierre, S. D., by H. C. Quackenbush on the Riggs and Quackenbush ranch.

Over half a month ago a haystack surrounded by a large number of cattle, mostly calves, tumbled over, burying several of the smaller animals.

The accident was discovered and the animals were all dug out shortly after, but the workmen overlooked one small calf, evidently, for hauling the hay for feed sixteen days later they uncovered the calf, which got up and scampered away when released from its prison.

PALATIAL BATH HOUSE FOR PET DOGS

No longer will those pampered pets of Parisian women—the Pomeranian and the Pekingese—be left to the unskilled care of the maid for their weekly baths.

Elaborate baths, constructed and equipped exclusively for the ablutions of dogs have just been opened in the exclusive St. Honore quarter.

The dog rides in a luxurious motor car to the baths, where he has a private bathing compartment.

After the bath experienced masseurs pay their respects to his canine highness, while a manicure shapes his aristocratic claws. When the veterinary determines that his health is all that his owner could desire, he re-enters the motor car with his mistress and returns home to a dainty meal or porterhouse steak.

46 AN HOUR WAS GERMAN DEATH TOLL DURING WAR

Forty-six men were killed and 109 wounded on the German side during every hour the World War was raging, according to an estimate arrived at by General von Altrock, a statistician. This estimate was made from a study of official records.

Germany's losses totalled in dead 1,808,548 and in wounded 4,246,779. Men to the number of 13,000,000 were under arms during the course of the war, of whom about one in seven was killed in battle.

The officers' corps lost 53,000 men killed and 96,000 wounded. German soldier and civilian losses through death, caused directly or indirectly by the war, are estimated by General von Altrock at 12,000,000.

DISCOURAGED ABOUT WILD TURKEYS

Jack Winslow, Game Warden for the Grays Harbor District, is discouraged over the prospect of wild turkeys for this State.

One small flock, released last summer, near Oakville, during the past month has found a refuge at the ranch of J. Bartell, and each night roost beside his domestic fowls. Three meals per day appeal to them more than the wild, free life of the upland and forests.

Another large flock was liberated in the Northern part of the State during the early fall. There evidently was a family row, for the hens went Southwest and were recently located on a ranch near Sedro Woo'ey. The gobblers went straight North and have been reported near the city limits of Bellingham, where they forage in the feed lots of a hog raiser.

Naturalists believe the suitable food for which the wild turkeys seek is not readily found in the Northwest woods, and they have been forced by hunger to enter the domestic folds.

The eggs from which these birds were hatched came from the mountains of Northern Mexico.

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CAN YOU EXPLAIN IT?

By JOHN SHERMAN

In accordance with that natural law which sooner or later demands of us all that most terrible of tributes, old Jabez Law passed away to that bourne whence no travelers return.

When I say old Jabez Law, I do not use the word "old" in any disrespectful way, but simply as expressing that his age was greater than ordinary, for not for worlds would I be guilty of disrespect to one of the noblest men I ever met.

Another little explanation I would make that at the time this occurred I was quite a young man, barely known in my profession, something of a dandy in general style (a dude, it would be called now) and that when off duty I was something of a ladies' man.

Well, Jabez Law was dead!

I heard of it with regret, for the old gentleman had been kind to me on more than one occasion.

I wondered right away how Milly Vanaken would fare when the will was opened.

Pretty, sweet-faced, sweet-voiced Milly!

She was really no blood relation of his—a step-niece, if that term is permissible.

Mr. Law had never married, and his elegant house was shared by him with Milly Vanaken and Hester Law, the daughter of a brother whose reputation had been none of the best.

Mr. Law treated both of the young ladies with the same degree of respect; but I knew that, if he did not favor Milly outwardly, she held the warmest place in his heart.

And so I rather expected that when the will came to be opened Milly would be then favored in preference to Hester.

The latter was a beautiful girl, and, so far as I had any reason to know, was as sweet and good as Milly herself.

I called at once to see if I could do anything the situation naturally being a trying one for the ladies.

Miss Milly came to the parlor to see me.

"I beg you will not think I am intruding," I said. "I came to see if I might be of assistance. If so, command me to the extent of my power."

She looked quite grave.

I waited patiently.

At last she said:

"I do not wish to borrow trouble, but uncle died very suddenly, and——"

"Well?"

"I reached him first. He never spoke to anybody but me. I assisted him to a sofa, lying on which, he drew a deep breath or two and said, 'Look in the back of big clock—secret panel—full instructions—' He could not finish. Three minutes later he was dead."

"Well?"

"I was so sorrow-stricken that it was several hours before I thought of what he had said."

"Well?"

"I went to the clock, found the secret panel, opened it and disclosed a cavity——"

"And?"

"Found it empty."

Empty!

That was surprising.

Here, now, were grouped the elements of a first-class mystery.

I questioned Milly closely.

She knew and had confidence in me, and answered unreservedly.

I said:

"Mr. Lew's words make it clear that at the last time he visited the clock the instructions he meant were there?"

"Yes."

"Have you any idea as to what they were?"

"No and yes."

"Explain the yes."

"Why, in talks with Uncle Jabez I always advised him to leave the bulk of his fortune to some worthy institution for the relief of his fellow-men. He always smiled in a knowing way, but would not say anything. I rather think he might have left instructions regarding such an institution there."

"Hem! Has any will be discovered?"

"No."

"Has it been looked for?"

"Yes."

"By whom?"

"Uncle's lawyer came and searched for it; he said he'd drawn one."

"Did he find it?"

"No."

"Did he give you an idea of what it contained?"

"No."

"Where is Miss Hester?"

"In her room. She is quite prostrated by the blow of his death."

"She is like a sister to you?"

"Of course. You should know that."

"I am aware that outwardly your relations have always been affectionate. But things are not always what they seem."

"They are with us."

I hated to broach the idea then in my mind. It was this: In the absence of a will Hester Law would be sole heir to whatever property or money was left behind by Jabez Law when he paid the common obligation of all animate creation.

I had to do so, though.

"Do not let me wound you unnecessarily," I said, "but I must ask this question: Would you consider Hester capable of an evil action—of stealing a will, let us say—if it would benefit her greatly?"

Milly indignantly rejoined:

"Of course not. It is an insult to me to make such an insinuation."

"I do not make it!" I hastened to assure her. "But it was a necessary question."

After examining the secret cavity in the back of an old Dutch clock that occupied a corner of Mr. Law's personal apartment, I left the house in a brown study.

The case puzzled me as much as any I had ever met with up to that time.

It appeared clear that, the clock being in Mr. Law's room, there was no possibility of anybody

having seen him visit it, granting, of course, that he had exercised ordinary care. This my acquaintance with the man made me certain had been exercised.

Now, in the house was no one but Milly, Hester and the servants.

None of the latter would have any interest in subverting the wishes of Mr. Law in regard to the distribution of his property.

Milly was beyond suspicion, simply because she had everything to gain by the production rather than the secretion of the will.

There remained only Hester to fasten the calculating glance of suspicion upon.

But how should she know of the secret place at the back of the high Dutch clock?

Had Mr. Law told her of it at some previous period?

Hardly; it was altogether unlikely.

Then a new idea occurred to me.

Somebody might have heard the fall of Mr. Law, and hurrying thither, had reached the door just as he made the revelation to Milly!

I retraced my steps at once.

Near the door of the room where Mr. Law had been assisted to the sofa, close against the footboard of the wall, I found a little bit of lace in process of manufacture.

I recognized it at once as some that I had witnessed grow under Hester's white fingers.

It was not evidence of a character to condemn her upon. It might have accidentally dropped here at any time within a week past.

Leaving the house, I went home.

The case was on my mind when I that evening called upon a certain young lady who was one day to become my wife, I hoped.

She noticed my abstraction and inquired the cause. I could not explain without saying of Hester what I did not wish to, so I laughed, and said:

"I was pondering over a problem, that is all."

A few minutes later I received a terrible shock.

Without an instant's warning, Ella suddenly drew a deep breath, sighed, uttered a low moan, and dropped heavily back on the sofa.

My alarm was so great that for a moment I could not find my voice.

When I did, and was about to call her mother, Ella waved one hand in an impressive way and clearly, though lowly, exclaimed:

"Peace—be still!"

I halted, rooted to the spot, and watched her coloringly.

Her eyes were closed, her face white and motionless, her breathing deep and regular. It seemed to me as though she had fallen into a strange and unreal slumber.

"Listen!"

She spoke again.

"I see a mantel, elegantly carved and beautifully convoluted. Above it is an oval mirror. The center-piece is a clock, supported by two recumbent bronze figures. On either end of the mantel is a delicate vase—look in the one to the right hand!"

To my intense relief Ella opened her eyes quickly thereafter and sat up.

"What is that nonsense about a vase?" I inquired.

"What vase?"

She was looking me fairly in the face.

I knew then that she had no recollection of the words uttered while recumbent on the sofa.

The next morning I visited the Law residence again.

I passed down the hall into the bay-windowed reception-room.

Milly was there with drawing materials in her lap, and a photograph of Mr. Law on the table before her. Going noiselessly forward, I saw that she was engaged in reproducing the photograph in crayon.

"Come into the parlor," she said. "The sun comes in one window there."

As we stepped into the parlor I caught my breath.

The mantel described by Ella was before me!

Now, to my certain knowledge, Ella had never been in this house, and so had never seen the mantel she described.

"That right-hand vase!" I hoarsely said. "Let me examine it?"

Milly reached out and lifted it from the mantel. In my eagerness to get hold of it I clumsily knocked it from her hands.

Crash!

It lay in a hundred fragments on the floor.

Both stooped down, she taking up the crushed artificial flowers, I seized a folded slip of paper.

This I eagerly grasped, just as a step sounded behind me.

I turned quickly. Hester stood there. The expression of her face told me considerable—an examination of the paper told me the rest.

It contained the missing instructions of Mr. Law.

It told where his will, bonds, jewels and ready money were secreted, in a safe built in the wall of his room, of the existence of which none but himself knew.

The will was soon secured.

As I expected, it left nearly everything to Milly. Hester was given an income only. Milly was given the privilege of donating all the bonds and ready money to some such charitable institution as she had talked about.

I could fill the missing links.

Hester had overheard Mr. Law's dying words, had visited the clock and found the paper. She was not wicked enough or bold enough to destroy it, and had slipped it into the vase, hoping it would never be discovered, and willing to profit by its loss if it were not.

But the singular part of the case was Ella's description of a mantel she had never seen, and the implied knowledge of the important paper in the vase.

I had heard of such things, but had never before believed them. It was my intention to investigate the subject, but before I could do so my Ella sickened and died.

It has always been a puzzle to me how she could, consciously or unconsciously, have known anything about that mantel and vase. It puzzles me to this day.

Can you explain it?

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FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

NEW YORK, APRIL 28, 1922

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INTERESTING ARTICLES

HEIR TO 200,000 KRONEN LEARNS HE IS JUST \$20 RICHER

Peter Wadach, of Ludlow, Mass., has received word that he has fallen heir of 200,000 kronen through the death of his father in Galicia, Austria. Peter, who is well known in this section, was almost overcome with joy until he learned that 200,000 kronen is equivalent to \$20 in American money. Now he's wondering if he will have enough to pay the lawyer.

STOP CANAL LEAKS BY KILLING CRAWFISH

Trouble is sometimes caused by the presence of crawfish holes under water in canal banks which cause leakage, and to eliminate these an experiment has been made that successfully exterminated the crawfish in a canal embankment seventy-five years old. After unsuccessfully attempting to stop the leakage with sheet piling and concrete, says *Popular Mechanics*, it was finally decided to try impregnating the soil with enough chloride of lime to kill the crawfish. It was necessary to get the lime down sixteen feet under water, and this was done by boring with post-hole augers. With these a barrage of holes filled with lime, and scattered through the earth with dynamite, was laid across the paths of the crawfish. This stopped the leakage.

ASKS FOR SAUERKRAUT BEFORE DYING IN CHAIR

Lawrence Kubal, who was a machine gunner in the Polish forces in the war, was put to death in the electric chair at Sing Sing prison recently for the murder of Mrs. Minnie S. Bartlett in her home in West Hempstead, L. I., last June. Kubal went to the chair quietly. Almost the last thing he said was that he was sorry Warden Laws had not let him have a harmonica, as he had requested in the afternoon.

"I'd have liked a little music," he said.

Kubal tried to commit suicide twice in the death house. His wife, who informed against him to the authorities and collected \$1,000 in rewards, visited him just before the keepers reached his

cell to prepare him for the chair. For his last meal Kubal asked for sauerkraut. He ate nothing else at this meal.

MINE OF JET IN UTAH

What is believed to be the first jet deposit to be developed in the United States is now being successfully mined in Wayne County, Utah, where recently mineralogists discovered the largest commercial body of the mineral known to exist in the world, says *Popular Mechanics*. Singularly, discovery of the jet was accidentally made by a party of miners engaged in assessment work for a copper company.

For ages jet has been prized for use in ornamentation. The possibility of carving the mineral into ornaments of rare beauty and delicate workmanship and of giving the black mineral a beautiful velvety polish has made deposits of jet widely sought for. Proof of its age-long use is given by the discovery in barrows of the Bronze Age of beads, buttons, rings and other personal ornaments made from the mineral. Its occurrence in Britain is mentioned by a Roman writer, and it is certain that it was used in pre-Roman times.

Statement of the ownership, management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of "FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY," published weekly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1922. State of New York, County of New York:—before me a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Luis Senarens, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor of "FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY" and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 413, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor and business manager are: Publisher—Harry E. Wolff, Publisher, Inc., 166 West 23d Street, New York City. Editor—Luis Senarens, 166 West 23d Street, New York City. Managing Editor—None. Business Manager—None.

2. That the owners are: Harry E. Wolff, Publisher, Inc., 166 West 23d Street, New York City; Harry L. Wolff, 166 West 23d Street, New York City; M. N. Wolff, 166 West 23d Street, New York City; J. F. Desbecker, 166 West 23d Street, New York City; R. W. Desbecker, 166 West 23d Street, New York City; C. W. Hastings, 166 West 23d Street, New York City.

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LUIS SENARENS, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of March, 1922. Seymour W. Steiner. (My Commission expires March 30, 1922.)

FROM ALL POINTS

DUCK CARRIES BIBLE MESSAGE

Clyde Koonce, while gunning in the Cypress Creek section near Trenton, N. C., shot a mallard duck which bore a leg band with a Canada address. The inscription read: "Have faith in God. (Mark 11-22). Write Box No. 48, Kingsville, Ont." The band bears the date or number 21. Birds similarly marked are reported to have been shot in other parts of the South.

WILDCAT'S STRANGE LEAP

A 55-pound wildcat leaped through a window into the hut of John Manning in the Ramapo Mountains, N. Y., early the other day and flew at his two boys asleep in a bed, tearing their nightclothes from their bodies.

Mrs. Manning, hurled a lighted lamp into the animal's face, giving her husband time to get down his gun, with which he finished the beast, the largest ever killed in this section.

The glass in the window had been broken and replaced by paper to keep out the cold. Manning believes the prowler was hungry.

INVEST FOR YOUR CHILDREN

What better incentive can be given a child to learn the advantages of thrift than for the father or mother to start an account for the youngster in the Postal Savings? When the deposits to the child's credit have reached the sum of \$20, the money can be made to earn more interest by investing this amount with a few extra nickels added, in one of the new \$25 Treasury Savings Certificates bearing the portrait of Theodore Roosevelt, which will be issued by the Treasury Department toward the end of the year.

America will no longer be considered a nation of spendthrifts if parents of to-day use the necessary precaution to see that their children—the citizens of to-morrow—are not allowed to grow wasteful and extravagant. Teach them the many advantages of thrift in their young and tender years. It will grow to be the best habit they have when life's responsibilities come.

Thrift will teach them the value of every penny; the wonderful growing power of money. It will teach your child self-reliance and bring self-respect. If you start a Postal Savings account to-day or invest in a \$25 or \$100 Treasury Savings Certificate, which yield interest at 4 per cent. quarterly, if held until maturity, you will teach the child to assume his responsibility of citizenship by helping to finance his Government.

That small start may be the first rung in the ladder of success in your boy's business life. It will bring your daughter an understanding of money values that will make her an economical housewife some day, a blessing and help to her husband and family.

RUBY MINING

From Burma come the finest rubies in the world, of that brilliant carmine color called "Pigeon-blood." They are found only in one dis-

trict north of Mandalay, high up in the mountains and 60 miles east of the Irrawaddy.

Here in a vast fertile plain lies Mogok, a native town, built upon and surrounded by ruby-bearing earth.

The whole valley was once the bed of a great lake, and this wide extent of precious alluvial deposits is being systematically dug up and searched for rubies.

The first view of the mine is disappointing. It resembles the excavation made for the foundation of a house, except that it extends over many acres. Along the level bottom of the mine, some 30 or 40 feet below you, run trolley lines in all directions.

Diggers with pick and shovel attack the sides of the mine and fill the trolleys with the fallen earth. This is then hauled up to the top and cast into revolving drums filled with water. By this means the earth is washed away, leaving only rocks and shingle, and, perhaps, rubies.

This is next passed through a wire mesh to separate rock and rubble from the small shingle among which the precious stones will be found.

So far not a single ruby has been seen. The uncut ruby is not easily distinguishable among the mass of shingle, which has to be carefully sorted.

The sorters who carry out this responsible duty are all Englishmen. Each sits at a table on which is a small locked box with a hole in the top. Coolies carrying buckets of shingle pass down the line and pour some on to each table. The sorter, armed with a piece of tin with a straight edge, begins at once to scrape it off the table on to the floor. This is done little by little, quickly yet carefully. Every now and then his trained eye discerns a glint of color in the mass of rubbish, and a stone is picked up and dropped into the locked box.

Every evening the contents of the boxes are locked up in a great safe, and on Saturday the week's haul is examined by the manager.

Seated before a big trap of polished brass the stones, which have already been roughly sorted, are poured out for inspection.

First come rubies and spinels, so alike in color (though not in value) that only the practiced eye can distinguish them. The box is turned upside down and a brilliant cascade of carmine gems, glinting and glistening in the sunshine, scatters over the polished brass. It is a sight to make a millionaire's mouth water.

When these have been counted and put back in the safe, it is the turn of the sapphires to fall on the tray in a shower of blue—every shade of blue from pale ultramarine to dark indigo shimmering in the sunlight.

Last of all come the odds and ends and freak stones, often beautiful in coloring, but of little value.

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A FEW GOOD ITEMS

ESCAPE TAXATION

The citizens in the town of Menasha, Winnebago County, Wis., will have no State, county, town or town highway taxes to pay for at least ten years, with the exception of the district school and income taxes, because a papermill is in that town which has an income tax of \$50,130 for the year 1921.

Out of this tax the town receives 70 per cent., or \$35,000, as its share. The total tax levied for the town of Menasha for 1921 is \$18,000. This will leave a balance of about \$17,000 for the taxes of the following year.

It is said another large paper company, the Valley Paper Mills, will this year construct a papermill in the town of Menasha.

SUES SPIRITUALIST FOR \$500

Mrs. Anna Warwick, of No. 177 Miller street, Jamaica, head of the Mayflower Spiritualistic Church, No. 168 Jamaica avenue, Brooklyn, went on trial before County Judge Humphrey on an indictment charging grand larceny in the second degree. The complainant is Lena Dunkey, matron of the Brooklyn Truant School, who alleges that she gave Mrs. Warwick \$500 in order to make a man love her. She said Mrs. Warwick gave her a picture and told her to concentrate on it and look back of the man's neck. The "charm" failed to work.

Mrs. Warwick testified that there was no man mentioned in the transaction, that the \$500 was simply a personal loan and she gave a note for the money.

The case will go to the jury.

CALIFORNIA CONDORS MAY NOT BE EXTINCT

The belief that the West Coast of California condor, North America's largest bird, is practically extinct must be revised, for several recent news stories from towns at the mouth of the Columbia River report two pairs of the big birds are frequently seen on the rocky bluffs there. They are evidently preparing to nest later on.

The condors noticed soaring above the extensive stretch of bluffs and sandbars are very large, with a wing spread of eight or nine feet. They are as black as the traditional German eagle.

Since the West was settled the condor has gradually decreased. The chief cause occurred when stock raising became common, and pasture lands being scarce the herds were moved into the mountainous regions. Here coyotes, panthers and bears preyed upon the calves and lambs. To rid the herds of the pests, dead animals were poisoned. The condors came to feed and numbers were killed this way each year.

The bird is very irregular in nesting and produces but one egg, which does not always hatch.

The condor is not an enemy to agriculturists, because its feet are like those of a chicken and not made to grasp and carry prey. They live upon what other creatures kill and leave

PIED PIPER COMES BACK

The Hungarian capital has been overrun with rats during the past winter. The bathrooms of the most fashionable hotels have been set with traps, and rats have been seen even upon the smart dresses of chic ladies in some of the best restaurants. So it is no wonder that the Pied Piper has come back as well.

He has arrived in Budapest and has claimed to be able, for a sum of money, to rid any building of rats in twenty-four hours. So great has been his success that already he has earned 32,000 Hungarian kronen in a fortnight.

His methods are precisely the same as those of the Pied Piper of Hamelin except that he seduces the rats into following him not by playing upon a flute but by a strange cry—half moan, half song. In the cellar of the infested place he prepares in the darkness a great brew of poisonous herbs and hanging over the poison containing copper kettle, with a black cloth shrouding his head and shoulders, he drones a strange Tartaric song.

Immediately bright eyes begin to peep from the corner, then soon whiskered faces emerge into the half-light, and, as he sings, the rats swarm around him from every corner and crevice of the building. Moving toward the pot with a strange motion of his shoulders and head, he lures the rats to leap into the pot, where they are instantly poisoned. The contents of the cauldron he empties into the Danube.

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FILIPINO SHELL USEFUL IN MANY OF THE ARTS

The placenta shell, found in abundance in the Southern Philippine Islands, offers a unique, practical and decorative resource in home adornment, says *Good Furniture Magazine*.

Being fairly flat and roughly circular, translucent and up to three inches in diameter and about one-sixteenth inch thick, the placenta shell serves the better class of Filipino house in place of glass. The strong tropical light is pleasingly modified as it passes through the shell-panes held together by wooden strips or lead bands.

Decoratively, the shell should find many uses. It is already being worked up by the Filipinos, under American direction, into lamp shade frames in most pleasing shapes.

It seems that it might find a limited application in furniture, as in cabinet door inserts or medallions in panels, in wood or metal screens where the vision but not the light is to be barred.

But the greatest use of this curiously beautiful shell would seem to lie in the domain of the lighting fixture and lamp industry, where effects can be effectively produced.

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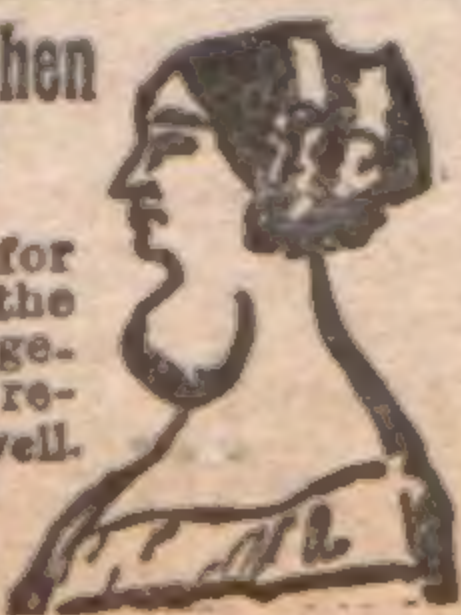
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How I increased my salary more than 300%

by
Joseph Anderson

I AM just the average man—twenty-eight years old, with a wife and a three-year-old youngster. I left school when I was fourteen. My parents didn't want me to do it, but I thought I knew more than they did.

I can see my father now, standing before me, pleading, threatening, coaxing me to keep on with my schooling. With tears in his eyes he told me how he had been a failure all his life because of lack of education—that the untrained man is always forced to work for a small salary—that he had hoped, yes, and prayed, that I would be a more successful man than he was.

But no! My mind was made up. I had been offered a job at nine dollars a week and I was going to take it.

That nine dollars looked awfully big to me. I didn't realize then, nor for years afterward, that I was being paid only for the work of my hands. My brain didn't count.

THEN one day, glancing through a magazine, I came across the story of a man just like myself. He, too, had left school when he was fourteen years of age, and had worked for years at a small salary. But he was ambitious. He decided that he would get out of the rut by training himself to become expert in some line of work.

So he got in touch with the International Correspondence Schools at Scranton and started to study in his spare time at home. It was the turn in the road for him—the beginning of his success.

Most stories like that tell of the presidents of great institutions who are earning \$25,000 and \$50,000 a year. Those stories frighten me. I don't think I could ever earn that much. But this story told of a man who, through spare time study, lifted himself from \$25 to \$75 a week. It made an impression on me because it talked in terms I could understand. It seemed reasonable to suppose that I could do as well.

I tell you it didn't take me long that time to mark and send in that familiar coupon. Information regarding the Course I had marked came back by return mail. I found it wasn't too late to make up the education I had denied myself as a boy.

I was surprised to find out how fascinating a home-study course could be. The I. C. S. worked with me every hour I had to spare. I felt myself growing. I knew there was a bigger job waiting for me somewhere.

Four months after I enrolled my employer came to me and told me that he always gave preference to men who studied their jobs—and that my next



salary envelope would show how much he thought of the improvement in my work.

Today, my salary is more than 300% greater than it was when I began my studies. That increase has meant a better home and all the luxuries that make life worth while.

What I have done, you can do. For I am just an average man. I had no more education to begin with than you have—perhaps not as much. The only difference is a matter of training.

TO every man who is earning less than \$75 a week, I say simply this:—*Find out what the I. C. S. can do for you!*

It will take only a minute of your time to mark and mail the coupon. But that one simple act may change your whole life.

If I hadn't taken that first step four years ago I wouldn't be writing this message to you today! No, and I wouldn't be earning anywhere near \$75 a week, either!

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